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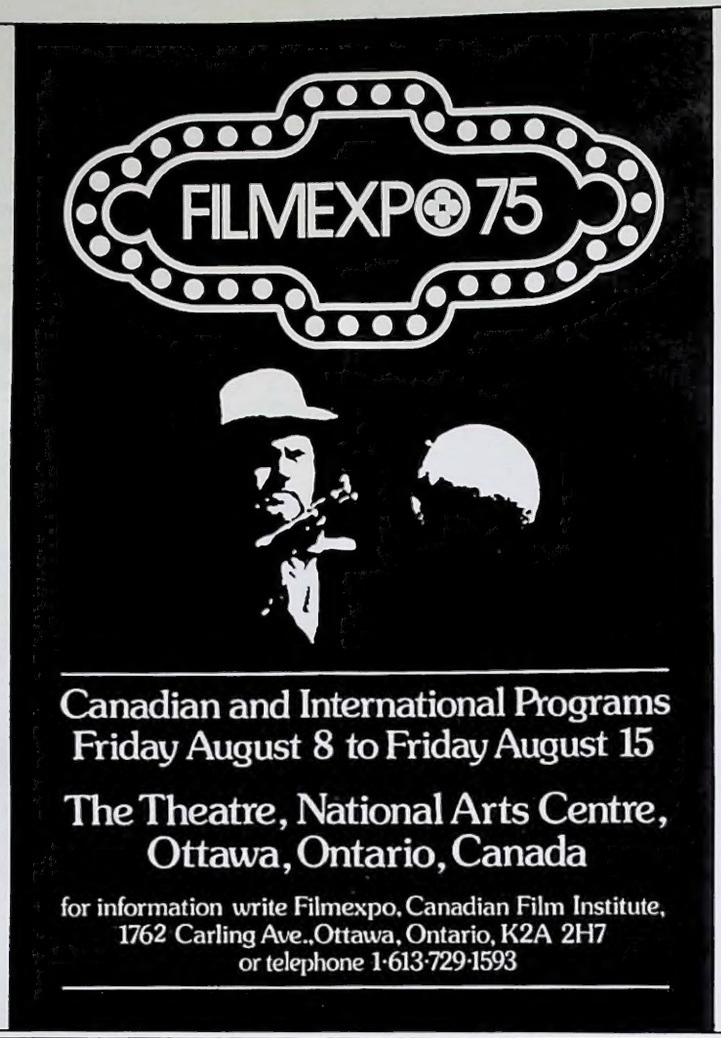
Also: Editing for Television...
The Death of a Hundred Cuts

# TAKE ONE

## At Sea with Steven Spielberg

Susan Backlinie,
the white shark's
first victim.
From Spielberg's *Jaws*.

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# Cecil B. de **PENGUIN PRESENTS**

**Six European Directors**
*Peter Harcourt*
The author, who established a programme in Film Studies at Queen's University and is currently lecturing at York University, looks with a sympathetic and well-informed eye at selected moments from the work of six acknowledged masters of European cinema: Eisenstein, Renoir, Bunuel, Bergman, Fellini and Godard. 2.50

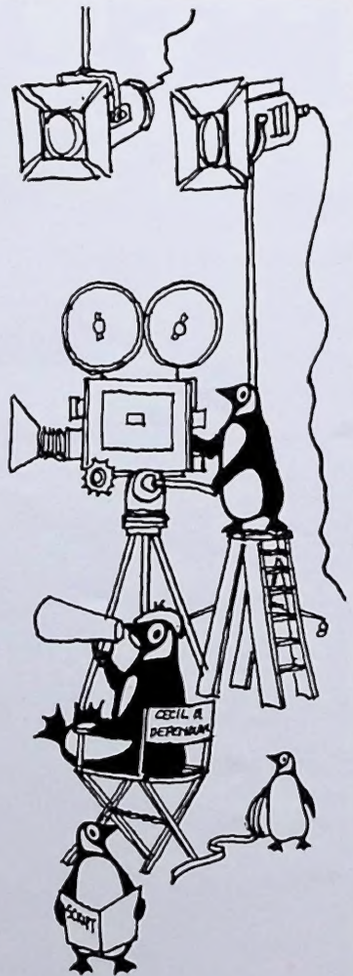
**Film and Reality: A Historical Survey**
*Roy Armes*
Most contemporary film criticism, in the opinion of the author, fails to take into account the relationship between artistic achievement and the historical context. *Film and Reality* sets out to redress the balance by offering both a broad outline of the cinema's development and a framework within which critical judgements can be made. 1.75

**Movie Moguls: An Informal History of the Hollywood Tycoons**
*Philip French*
*The Movie Moguls* looks at the background, characters and careers of celebrated moviemakers and takes another look at Hollywood now that its glitter has begun to fade. 1.95

**Film as Film**
*V.F. Perkins*
Perkins, a film critic, defines what makes a 'good' movie, and establishes some criteria for our judgement of film. He relates theoretical argument to detailed examples from films which achieved both popularity and excellence. 1.50

**Screen Test: A Quiz Book about the Movies.**
*Peter Bowen, Martin Hayden, Frank Reiss.*
An opportunity to test your knowledge about films. The three well-informed authors composed hundreds of questions ranging from the 'Silents' to 'Science Fiction'. Fact-filled, lavishly illustrated and informative, the quiz format makes a fascinating and lively book. 2.50

**Stardom: The Hollywood Phenomenon**
*Alexander Walker*
The author, a well-known film critic, shows how Hollywood stars are made and magnified and looks at their relationship to the public and the studios. Mr. Walker throws new light on some of the mysteries which surround the earlier stars and evaluates the changing nature of stardom through six decades. 2.25

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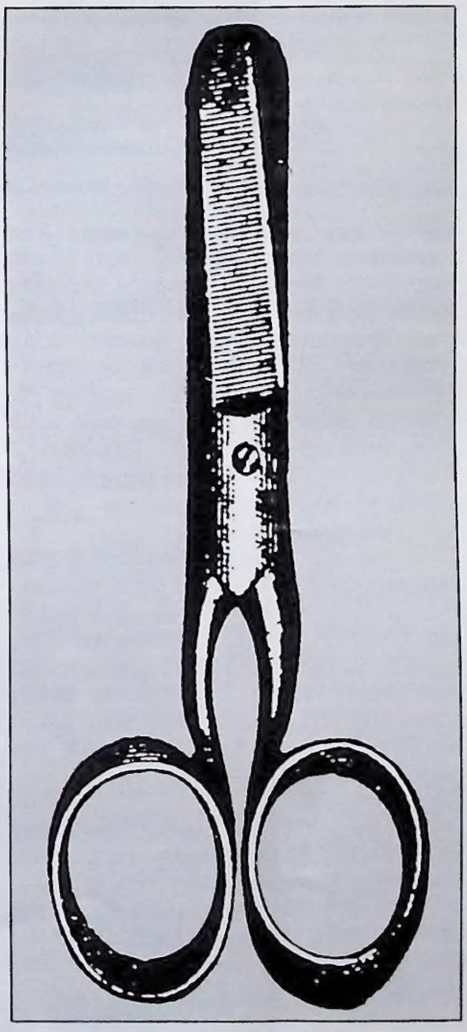

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And what's wrong with making films aimed at a younger audience? Mr. Uman, in criticizing their childishness, only confirms their achievement of purpose. If a movie is *intended* as a comedy, is it justifiable to criticize it because it's *not* depressing?

Finally, I'm not sure that I understand the attack on Charles H. Schneer. At a time when nobody can get backing for this type of expensive product, I am grateful for Mr. Schneer's efforts to preserve this endangered genre. Chastizing Schneer's reliance on "period pictures," unquestionably the most appropriate vehicles for this type of romanticized fantasy, and then citing such obviously period pictures as **Jason and the Argonauts**, **Mysterious Island** and **7th Voyage of Sinbad** as "Harryhausen's greatest films" seems a blatant contradiction.

It seems a shame that Harryhausen and Schneer have recently been so "taken for granted" just at the time when it is probably most difficult for them to make films at all. Ultimately, the continuation of commercial animation features relies a great deal just on *survival*. Even the most mediocre idea in the world that *does* manage to make it to the screen is far preferable to the best and most innovative idea that never gets made.

Ernest D. Farino
Irving, Texas

**Correcting Henderson**

If Dr. Henderson had taken the trouble to look at the D.W. Griffith pictures he so carefully describes in *D.W. Griffith — The Years at Biograph* and *D.W. Griffith. His Life and Work*, he might not have made the sort of errors as describing **The Massacre** as "melodrama of Custer's Last Stand" and Miss Nash [Vol. 4 No. 8] would not repeat his errors.

We notice she has corrected his **The Battle of Elderberry Gulch** but she still hasn't got the title right — it is: **The Battle *at* Elderbush Gulch** — not *of*.

Kemp R. Niver and Bebe Bergsten
Hollywood, California

# CONFERENCES AND COMPETITIONS

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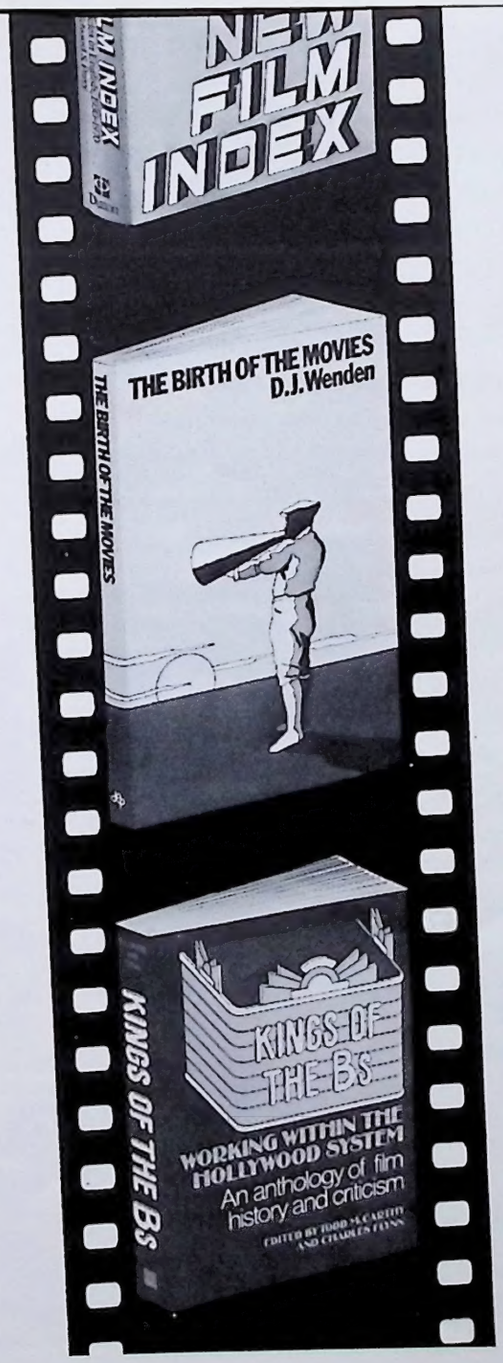
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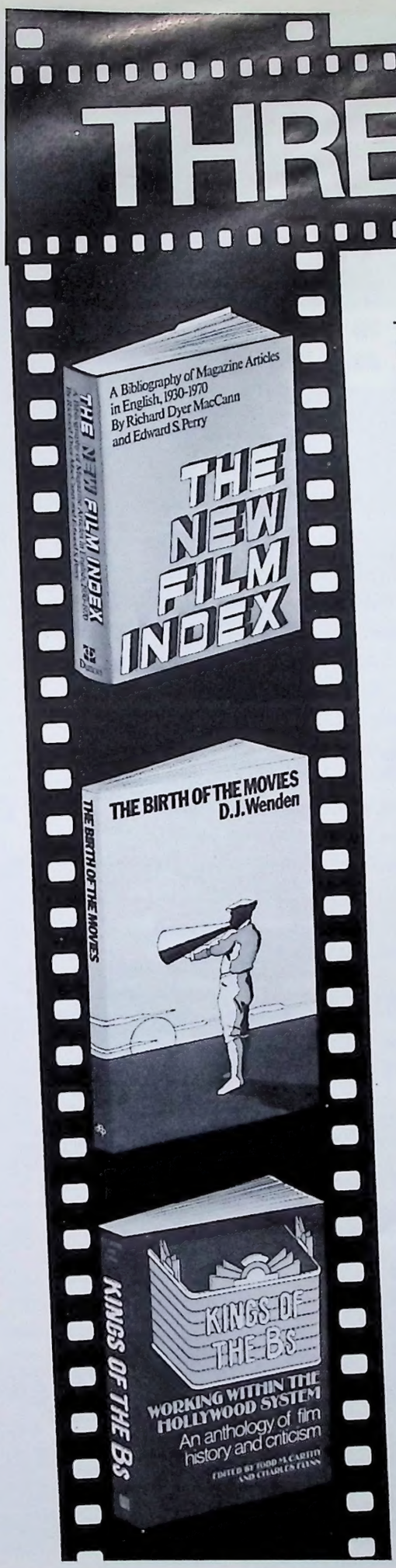
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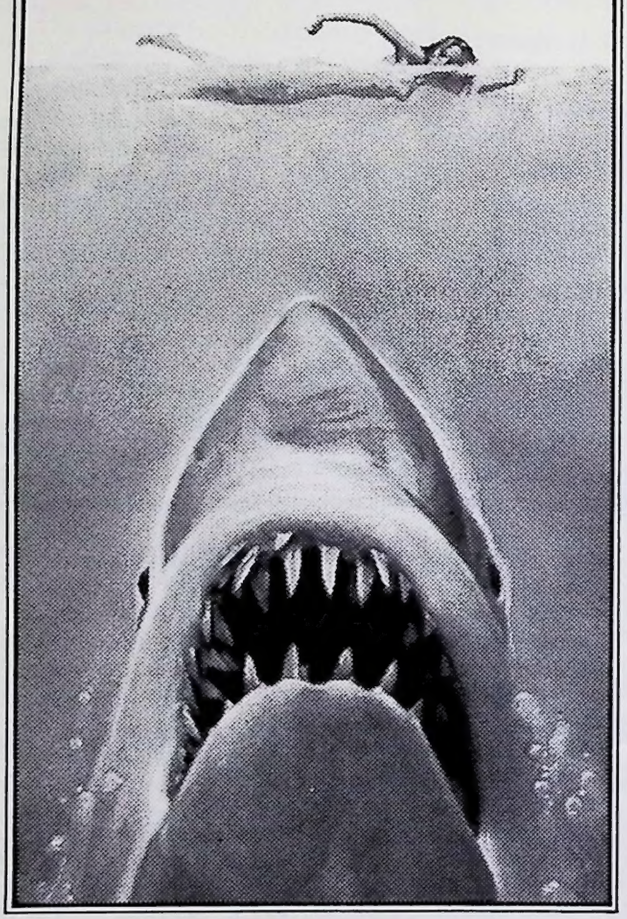

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# The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

Thirty-five years after it first purchased screen rights to the Mildred Cram novella, MGM has at last announced plans to film **Forever.** The story of a love affair that is reborn in the reincarnated lives of two dead lovers was first published in *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in 1934. MGM bought it in 1940.

Of the 47 films released in the US in the four months April through July, only three films were **G-rated** — and one of them was a Disney re-issue.

There's a scene in **The Man in the Glass Booth** where doctors are supposedly examining an X-ray of Maximilian Schell's shoulder — except that MDs in the audience have identified the X-ray as being of a woman's pelvis — complete with IUD!

New York-New Jersey Port Authority engineers have put Super-8 cameras in cars travelling the highways and bridges of the NYC metropolitan area so that they can spot **confusing or hard-to-read highway signs** and remedy them.

A Canadian entry, Martin Gross's **As We Are**, won one of two $2000 first prizes at this year's 178-film Oberhausen Documentary Film Festival.

The average Greek goes to the movies **14.4 times a year**, the Italian 10 times, the Frenchman 4.4, the Britisher 3.3, the Belgian 3, and the Dutchman only twice. Says a Holland theatre-owner: "The Dutch are still basically a stay-at-home people."

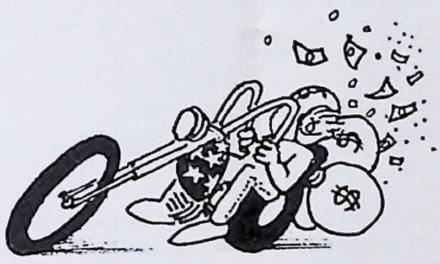
**Ladies & Gentlemen, Mr. James Dean!** Warner Bros. has just released an album (#BS 2843) of edited highlights from James Dean's three films: **East of Eden, Rebel Without a Cause**, and **Giant**. In addition to the main musical themes from all three films, the disc includes the scene (in **Rebel**) between father, mother and son on the stairwell, after the chickie run; the finale of **Eden**; and Dean's farewell scene in **Giant** — minus that portion of Dean's speech that director George Stevens had somebody else dub in later.

If the poster art for Dino De Laurentiis's **Mandingo** (white male carrying unconscious black female, black male clutching scantily-clad white female) reminds you of Gable carrying Leigh on those 1939 posters for **Gone With the Wind**, there's a darn good reason. With Mr. De L. constantly describing his epic as another **GWTW**, Paramount tracked down Symeon Shimin — the man who did the original **GWTW** art — and had him update the image for today's market.

On May 13, in Villanova, Pa., death claimed 75-year-old Richard M. Hollingshead, Jr. In 1932, at a former airfield at Camden, N.J., Hollingshead built the world's first **drive-in movie theater.**

Paramount's IMAX production, **Man Belongs to the Earth**, has been awarded the first place Gold Camera Award at Chicago's U.S. Industrial Film Festival.

Peter Fonda's 32% share of **Easy Rider** is said to still net him in excess of $200,000 a year.



Yes, that's **Cicely Tyson** (unidentified) in those Crown Zellerbach (paper company) ads.

**Harold and Maude**, having played a solid 128 weeks in Paris so far, is now being dubbed into French for wider release in France.

Antonioni's first final cut on **The Passenger** was two hours and twenty minutes long, but had to be trimmed because the director's contract with producer Carlo Ponti called for a two-hour film. The missing scenes — which Antonioni claims not to miss at all — included a conversation between Nicholson and a man in Munich, and a dinner scene with Nicholson and Schneider in a fancy Barcelona restaurant.

Ludwig Kerscher, a former Bavarian apple-grower, has rights to about 300 feet of film of **Eva Braun and Adolph Hitler**, taken by a camera hidden above the door in Hitler's bedroom. The film is said to "discount the story that Hitler was impotent."

Present indications are that the major companies will, this year, produce about 53 feature films, less than half of what the same firms produced last year and setting an all-time low in major **studio production activity.**

The average German male spends about $8 a year on some form of **porn.**

**Peter Ustinov**'s grandfather (Louis Benois) used to be architect for the Tsar of Russia.

**In the Making:** Warner Bros. has announced **Amazon**, about a soldier of fortune "who travelled 1000 miles up the Amazon River to steal seedling rubber plants." ... Francis Ford Coppola has been scouting locations in the Far East for his upcoming **Apocalypse, Now**, set in Vietnam (script by John Milius). He will also script and direct **Tucker**, about a man who tries to develop a new automobile. ... Roberto Rossellini has started filming (in Tunisia and Rome) on his $4-million film on the life of Christ, **The Messiah**. ... August 14 is the date set for the start of production on **Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Warner Bros.**, Michael Winner directing Bruce Dern, Lily Tomlin and a title-dog yet to be found. ... David Bowie is starring in Nicolas Roeg's **The Man Who Fell to Earth**. ... Arthur Penn will be directing Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson in the western, **The Missouri Breaks**. ... Roberta Flack plays Bessie Smith in **Empty Bed Blues**, being filmed in Mississippi this summer. ... Patrick Wayne stars in the Schneer-Harryhausen film, **Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger**. ... Robert de Niro and Cybill Shepherd play lovers in Martin Scorsese's **Taxi Driver** (shooting completed in New York). ... Roy Rogers, after a 21-year absence from the screen, has signed to star in the contemporary western drama, **Mackintosh and T.J.** ... Among Dino De Laurentiis's upcoming productions are **The King of the Gypsies** (Peter Bogdanovich directing and scripting) and **Buffalo Bill and the Indians** (Robert Altman directing Paul Newman). ... Marcello Mastroianni plays Federico Fellini in the latter's sequel to **Amarcord**, to be co-produced with Roger Corman. ... Donald Sutherland, meanwhile, plays the title role in Fellini's **Casanova**. ... Sam Peckinpah has completed lensing of **Killer Elite** (about the CIA), with James Caan, Robert Duvall and Gig Young. ... Dino De Laurentiis (funny, how he keeps popping up) and Paramount no sooner announced their remake of **King Kong** than they were slapped with a $25-million suit by Universal, which claimed an exclusive contract with RKO to produce and distribute a remake of the 1933 classic. ... Peter Sellers will star in the film version of Richard Condon's **Arigato**. ... George (**Night of the Living Dead**) Romero begins production, this month, on **Blood**. ... Richard Lester will direct Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn (in her first film since **Wait Until Dark** in 1967) in a film about Robin Hood and Maid Marian in their twilight years. ... Alexander (**The Three Musketeers**) Salkind is to produce **Superman**, from a script by Mario (**The Godfather**) Puzo. "They gave me the job," explains Puzo, "because I told them I had figured out how Clark Kent would be able to screw Lois Lane."

# At Sea with Steven Spielberg

## Interview by David Helpern

*How did you get started in filmmaking?*

Spielberg: Making my own films, home movies, 8mm, 16mm, 35mm — you know — $10, $100, $1000 over a period of ten, eleven years. And then I made a short in 35mm; I found a backer, he gave me $10,000 and I made a short film and Sid Sheinberg saw it (he's president of Universal Studios), he saw the short and put me under a term contract to direct television.

*How long a contract?*

Spielberg: That was a seven year contract.

*Are you still under that contract?*

Spielberg: No. But I signed that contract about five years ago.

*And your first picture was **Night Gallery**?*

Spielberg: My first professional film was **Night Gallery**, with Joan Crawford. It was the pilot, the trilogy. She played a blind dowager in Manhattan during the New York blackout. It was a clever Rod Serling piece which was very hard for Joan to memorize. She couldn't remember words like transcendental and esophagus.

*What was it like being 21 and working with established stars like Joan Crawford and Barry Sullivan? Was that very difficult for you?*

Spielberg: Yeah, it was, it was. It's funny — I blocked, really blocked, most of that first experience because it was so traumatic, because it happened literally within four weeks of signing my Universal contract. See, I thought I'd sign the contract and then I'd kick around the studio for a while, before I ever got a show, and I signed the contract and within four weeks I was on the stage with Joan Crawford, so it was massive culture shock — hemorrhaging, you know, my first day — and I had the show so well planned, you know. I was so in shock that I realized I better plan the show out front, because I'm not going to be much use to anybody on the set. And it was very strange working with a professional crew for the first time, men in their 50s and 60s. But they were very helpful. I asked a lot of questions and they gave me a lot of answers. One thing I was very careful about was not to know it all on that first show. I tried to keep a very open mind and I planned every shot and it was a television show, right — a seven day schedule — and I showed up with 35 shots I wanted to get that day — ridiculous — and we wound up doing 15. But the script wasn't suited to me. It was a lousy way to start, it was a real meller. It was almost an a.m. soap.

*Any special problems with Joan or Barry?*

Spielberg: No, none. Barry and I became the closest of friends because of that show. Barry sort of took me under his wing after that show.

*What were the other TV shows you did?*

Spielberg: Well, I began with **Night Gallery** — the pilot — and then I did two of the episodes of the series and then I did the first *Colombo* that was ever on the air and I did one *Name of the Game*, did one *Marcus Welby* — tried everything — did one *Owen Marshall*. I did two shows from a series that I really liked called *The Psychiatrist* with Roy Thinnes. I did the first show and the last show, out of six shows. I did three TV movies, **Duel** and **Something Evil** and **Savage**, and then I did **Sugarland Express**.

*Do you have any explanation for the tremendous success of **Duel** in Europe theatrically?*

Spielberg: No. I really don't know why it caught on like that. I know how it caught on, I know what first brought it around: Dylis Powell saw the picture and she flipped out for it and she gathered all the London critics together in one room and showed it to them one night, and the criticism got Universal and the C.I.C. to release the picture in Europe. But Dylis really began it, much like Pauline Kael did with **Last Tango in Paris**.

*How do you feel about the picture. Do you like it?*

Spielberg: Oh, I love it.

*Would you like to see it released theatrically in the United States?*

Spielberg: I wouldn't, for only one reason. It's been seen — I figured it out — it's been seen by about 15 million Americans. I just don't think it would be so successful here.

*Was it difficult to make the transition from television to theatrical movies?*

Spielberg: Not at all, but the problem was my not wanting to get into movies right away. You see, I waited. I had a chance to make four or five different movies and I just didn't. You can do five bad television shows, but you cannot do five bad motion pictures. "Bad", meaning films that aren't received critically, or commercially. And so I just waited and waited and waited. I had a little bet with myself that the first movie I ever directed would be from my own story and it was really sort of a mental deterrent for other projects that came along. I'd say to myself, well, I could direct this, but I couldn't film this and then **Sugarland Express**. I had read a story in the *Citizen News* that was about the Texas hijacking and I wrote the original story and worked on the screenplay with the writers. So I sort of considered that, it was — for me, anyway — it was worth waiting for.

*Do you consider **Sugarland** a political film?*

Spielberg: Yeah, highly political. It's a terrible indictment of the media, more than anything else. It was a circus on wheels.

*Is that what attracted you to the story, the whole idea of the media?*

Spielberg: Yeah, I liked the whole idea of the media. Also, I liked the idea of here is the American condition of today, that people want to be a part of the Walter Cronkite *7:00 News*. They don't want to just watch it, they want to be in it; and I like the idea that today any one of us can create a major news story by doing the smallest, most simple, neurotic act —

which is sort of what this picture's about. It's really an act of the heart. It's an errand of mercy, but it's so simplistic that it had to develop, it had to mushroom into something that fucked up.

*Are there heroes and villains in that picture?*

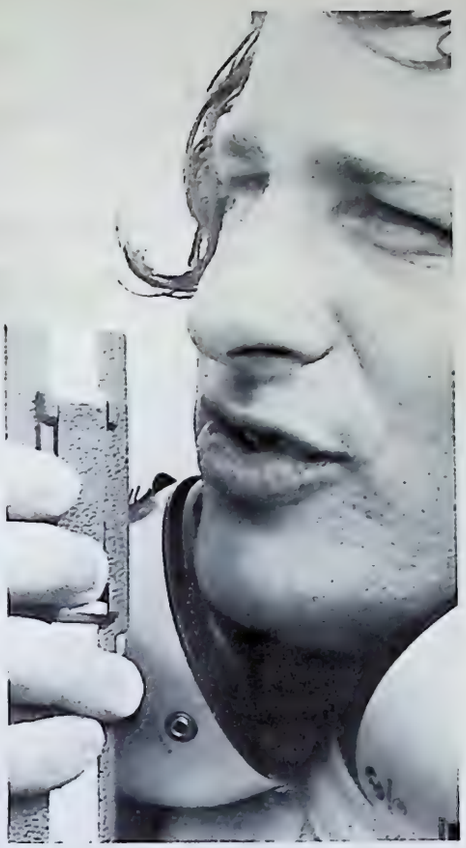
Spielberg: Yeah, sure. I think the heroes of the picture are really the police. For me, anyway — nobody else sees it that way — but I think the heroes are the police, and I think the villains are the well-wishers that wished a little too much for these people. I didn't see it as a folk, I didn't see Clovis and Slide as folk heroes. A lot of the critics saw them as folk heroes, but I didn't see that at all.

*What about Goldie Hawn? She's a very manipulative character.*

Spielberg: Yes, she is, she is. Which is really contrary to the real-life story, because in real life it was the Clovis character played by Bill Atherton who was the manipulator. And in our story (we didn't have to, but we chose dramatically, and because of the structure, because of how the true story fell into place and our imaginations contradicted it), we tried to see the picture throught Goldie Hawn's eyes and through the eyes of Ben Johnson — you know, the captain. Oh, yes, she's highly manipulative. You see, to me the real villain's Hawn; she's the heavy for me — I mean, I intended it to be that way. But everybody has a different interpretation of who their villains are and who their heroes are. She was so motivated to get her child back. What made her a villain was the lapses in her memory about the child when she began looking for herself and not for the mission. She began eating the chicken and she began getting the gold stamps, and she began to tell her husband what to do, and her idea of the American dream was the Indian Chief mobile home.

*Why do you think **Sugarland** failed commercially, or had a tough time commercially, despite such good reviews?*

Spielberg: Well, for one thing, we've pulled the picture, so we don't consider that the picture has failed in its openings. We're waiting for a re-release time, because I think that the main failing of **The Sugarland Express** was the fact that we came out with two other films thematically similar — **Badlands** and **Thieves Like Us** — and that the audiences were wrapping all three films into one bundle. And I really think, in talking with other people, that they got the reviews — the good reviews of Terry Malick's film **Badlands**, which analyzed the film and were really a turn-off commercially because the theme of Terry's picture is a great downer — they mixed up my reviews with his and his reviews with mine. I just don't think that the general public was aware at that time that these were essentially different motion pictures. The other big



***Spielberg***

## I think we've made a better movie than *Jaws* is a book.

teeling was the release time. Nothing really made it during that spring, especially when six hits had come out from September to January, including **Serpico**, **The Exorcist**, **The Sting**, **Papillon**, and (my god, there were so many pictures making it) **American Graffiti**; so many pictures making a lot of money, that just when we came out all those pictures had left their exclusive or flagship runs and were going wide to the theatres and drive-ins near you, and that really spoiled it for the movie-goer who, today, more than any other time in the history of movies, is so selective about what they go to see. And a third factor I feel was the advertising and publicity: In Universal's efforts to sell the picture, I think they did a milk-sop job on **Sugarland Express**. They just dropped it on the country. With no preparation, with a trailer that I didn't like at all, and with a campaign based not so much on it being an event film, a true story based on something that happened in Texas in '69, but based on the fact that Goldie Hawn was in it and was the star and was all smiles.

*Then you have no control over that?*

Spielberg: No, none. So what you have, you have Goldie smiling — she's smiling next to a teddy bear and **Sugarland** is like **Willie Wonka and the Chocolate Factory** — and I think the campaign was so sweet, you know, people got a little overdose of glucose, or sucrose, and they didn't go.

*One of the few criticisms that I have heard is that some people thought it was very condescending to middle America.*

Spielberg: I don't feel that way at all. No. It wasn't even so much my vision of middle America. I didn't twist the story or the locales, you know, to fit my vision of middle America. I went there, I saw it and I shot it. What you saw in the picture is actually what happened and is happening in Texas. Aside from the phenomena of all those police cars lined up, which in fact happened twofold in the real-life story, we used something like 65 locals in speaking parts, and we let most of them make up their own dialogue.

*Are there plans now to re-release the picture?*

Spielberg: Yeah. They're re-evaluating the campaign, they're working on more of a true-life action campaign, and they're planning to re-release the picture in the summer.

*Have you been given any opportunity to put any input into the new campaign?*

Spielberg: Yeah, I have, and I sat down with the graphic artist just before I came on this show and we, together, drew seven or eight new sketches that will be the basis for the new graphic campaign.

*Was the critical reception of **Sugarland Express** a big boost for you after the problems you had had in this country?*

Spielberg: Yeah, it was a great boost for me, except I wasn't there to really get off on it. I was here working. I asked them if they would shut down this picture for three days and they said no. I was very upset that I didn't go to the Cannes Festival. Rick is missing — what festival are you missing? — he's missing the Berlin Festival.

*What attracted you to the **Jaws** project?*

Spielberg: I can tell the truth?

*Go ahead, tell the truth.*

Spielberg: I could get in trouble if I tell the truth. Actually, what really attracted me to the **Jaws** project was in the novel; the last 120 pages, when they go on a hunt, a sea hunt for the great white shark, and that extended drama. The extended drama between these three people who are against each other, and then finally join forces to fight the shark. And that got me off when I initially read the book. I hated the first two acts, the first 200 and some pages of the novel and I told Zanuck that I — because I volunteered to do the picture — I said I'd like to do the picture if I could change the first two acts and base the first two acts on original screenplay material and then be very true to the book for the last third. And he agreed and that's how I became involved.

*Do you feel a lot of pressure on this picture because of the problems of **Sugarland** commercially?*

*David Helpern's latest film is the much-acclaimed (see, for instance our review in Vol. 4 No. 7) **I'm a Stranger Here Myself**, a portrait of Nicholas Ray.*

Spielberg: I feel I have more freedom on this picture than I had on **Sugarland**. I have at least twice the freedom that I had on **Sugarland**.

*Was it difficult to work with a well-known novel, in that people have certain expectations?*

Spielberg: Yeah, they do and that's always a danger when you start futzing with a bestseller, that people are going to be very disappointed when they walk into the motion picture theatre and see favorite scenes from the book deleted in their entirety. That's a problem. But I really think — and this is my ego speaking — that the involvement of three actors and myself and a writer (a new writer), and a producer, that the six, seven of us have gotten together and we've really, I think, made a better movie than **Jaws** is a book. I hope we have, and if we haven't we'll hear about it next spring. In the dollars of the American Revolution. Have you read the script?

*No, I haven't, but I'd like to see it before I...*

Spielberg: We would too, because we have been making it up as we go along. Actually, Hooper and even the parts of Quint and Brody are hugely likeable characters, but they have to evolve into that likeability. Like Quint evolved rather late in the picture. The scenes we're shooting right now — after the sequence there's an understanding, the two men have more of an understanding of Quint and so does the audience, than we ever had before. And this leaves the whole staging area open to fight the shark rather than each other. Because there really is no time to bicker and quarrel when the 25-foot great white is chewing holes in the boat. In sitting around, we were trying to find a way to side the three characters together, and the idea came up to have them singing a song — to let the song join the three in some kind of unity. These are the magical things that are coming out of three very loose actors working together and discovering new relationships as we beat the shark.

*What are some of the special problems with this picture?*

Spielberg: This picture? Well, you're sitting on one. It's anchoring the boats in the morning, the time it takes to anchor. And really, you're so limited in your composition at sea, you're so limited being on a boat that I find myself running out of shots; I found myself out of shots really the third day at sea. This picture is being very simply shot. The idea is put the cameras on the actors and let them work.

*Why did you shoot it on location, knowing there would be these problems?*

Spielberg: Well, I wouldn't want to do it in a tank, because it wouldn't be believable, especially today when pictures like **The French Connection** and **Midnight Cowboy** are shot documentary style, on location. The audience looks at **Poseidon** or **The Sting** and they say, "That was shot in a studio". I think you can tell; **The Sting** looks like it was shot in a studio backlot and **Poseidon Adventure** looks like it was shot on a sound stage; it's like it was shot on a location, the look of your movie, and I think we underestimate the intelligence of the public. They can tell.

***Sugarland** was in Cinemascope wasn't it?*

Spielberg: Yeah, it was in Panavision.

*And why did you choose to use that?*

Spielberg: Because of the highway. Because the highways are horizontal, and to show more cars. The same way I chose to shoot Panavision: the shark is so long.

*The camera placement, the movements, do you leave those pretty much up to Bill Butler, or do you make those decisions yourself? How far in advance were those kinds of decisions made?*

Spielberg: I pretty much set the camera, except when Bill comes up with terrific ideas, which he does — a lot of good ideas — and I let him put the camera where the idea is better. Whoever has the best idea is where the camera should go, really, I haven't got much of an ego about that. But there's no camera movement.

Dreyfuss: Whoever puts the most ideas in there wins the shark at the end of the shooting.

Spielberg: The shark dictates all the shots.

Dreyfuss: The real one.

Spielberg: There's only one shark in this picture, and he is real.

*When you're improvising with the actors, and since you haven't made decisions beforehand about a lot of the camera setups, what do you do to make it as easy as possible for the cameraman and the actors? If there are too many variables in a scene it makes it very difficult, especially when you're improvising.*

Spielberg: The way I like to work — we've only done this some of the time — is to rehearse the actors first, and then once I see where the actor's going to move in, I put the camera down to accomodate that. Sometimes, it just happens the opposite way, because of a closed situation; they can't really move around in this scene, the camera goes in first and the actors work around the camera. I think in this picture it's been 50/50. I think some of the time I've waited to see what they do and then I choreograph around ideas I find from their movements, and then other times I have a shot in mind or a visual idea for the scene itself. Like the beginning of the drunk scene; I wanted to begin on a single of Robert in a scar-comparing contest and as he reaches over to compare a scar, it moves into a two-shot, and as Rick leans back to reconnoiter his body for a scar, it's into a single, and

**Sugarland Express**

when he presents his scar it's back into a two-shot again. I like that idea and the actors accomodated to the camera in that case. It's dicey on this picture, because I have done virtually no preparation. It's the first movie that I have not prepared. Because I had no time. The studio wanted to begin this picture quickly because of the intended Actors Guild strike. And they got the film going at least two months prematurely. And suddenly I found myself in Martha's Vineyard looking at locations and rewriting the script every night with Howard Sackler and then Carl Gottlieb, and I found no time to do any visual planning. So visually, this will be the simplest picture I've ever attempted. Except the third act will be incredibly visual and *very* exciting and *very* horrifying. With horrific aspects. It's funny how in the middle of an action sequence you can get a lot of character relationships in, I mean — no joke — in the middle of a shark attacking a boat, a look from Robert, a look to Roy, a look to Rick really says a lot of things. It's all looks in the third act. I want a cut on the head turn, on the turning of the head!

*The affair between Brody's wife and Hooper has been removed from the film. Was that your decision?*

Spielberg: I made that personally. I guess I'm personally responsible for removing that, but I felt that it had absolutely nothing to do with the crisis. It was almost an ingredient in an already well-publicized formula of the making of a best seller. The Mafia, the sex, it's just one more ingredient that I felt should be removed. I took the Mafia out of it, I took, not the sex out, but the affair out, because there really is no time for a romantic icthyologist to show up in this town, and rather than do his job, cuckold the sheriff, thereby making the icthyologist unsympathetic, the sheriff unsympathetic for being an unreasonable Ahab character in the book. The first change I made when I read the book was that that affair would have to go, although some women are really attracted to the verbal seduction scene in the book.

*Have you added any scenes that weren't in the book?*

Spielberg: About 27. The whole first two acts are additions. It's brand new.

*Peter Benchley did the first screenplay.*

Spielberg: The first three. So Peter was in on, Peter actually condoned, the removal of the affair. So he was the first writer to remove the affair from the screenplay, and then Peter and I invented three major scenes that did not exist in the book. And then Peter, by himself, constructed two other scenes that are in the movie that he never thought of for the book. And then when the next writer came in, he added a scene or two, and when the third writer came on the project, he added two or three scenes that worked very well.

*One of the problems that you talked about in this picture was the lack of preparation time that you had.*

Spielberg: Lack of preparation time, right, it was a major problem. Because I couldn't rehearse with the actors and we had to make these performances come together virtually 24 hours before we began shooting; or during Take Three an idea would pop into my head, so we'd get into a huddle, break, and re-shoot it. I didn't have Robert Shaw until we were almost shooting. I didn't have my, I have so many small parts that still aren't cast. We're casting as we go along. Roy was the first person cast in the picture and Roy only had a three week headstart. And when Roy got me on the telephone to talk about ideas, I was right in the middle of getting the script ready, and so Roy and I couldn't really communicate that much by telephone. We tried, we had a lot of meetings in L.A., I mean New York. We went to Joe Allens' every day I was in New York, Roy spent every day with me. But Rick had no preparation except one day at the Boston 57 Hotel where we twisted his arm to make this movie. We made him 17 promises; we've kept 13 of them.

*Are you going to keep the other four?*

Spielberg: No.

*Are you afraid of all the pre-production publicity around this picture? Are you afraid of something like* ***Great Gatsby****?*

Spielberg: Yes, and I've been very careful about interviews. I mean, this picture is certainly not going to set a wardrobe trend, and people are not going to go out and buy dungarees and old army jackets and baseball caps when it's over. The pre-publicity, I think, is because this movie is somewhat of a novelty. Seeing as how it's a movie about a great killer shark, a man-eater, and fear of the water, and paranoia about the water — it's never been done before. So I think there's that kind of excitement. I don't think we're getting, thank goodness, any of the **Gatsby** pre-publicity that tends to make people walk into the motion picture expecting to see **Gone with the Wind** and walking out very disappointed.

*Is there a direct influence of any director on your work? Or even an indirect influence?*

Spielberg: Yeah. Sure. I mean, I'm influenced by everybody I'm supposed to be influenced by because I'm a filmmaker. The question you asked me, I'm asked that question a lot, and the answer I give is usually (I don't want to give you a bunch of stock interview answers except that it's true), that I really like my contemporaries and can get more out of George Lucas, who's a good friend of mine, than I can by sitting in a screening room and screening eight Preston Sturges

**Jaws**

films. I mean, I really can; because at least these people are alive and living and there's a rapid exchange back and forth of scripts and ideas. I watch hundreds of old movies, so don't get me wrong, but I haven't learned that much from watching old pictures. I've learned economy from John Ford. But I haven't learned economy — I'm really self-indulgent in so many ways. But John Ford, if he's taught me anything at all, he's taught me how to hold back for an overhead shot, you know, when to go wide, when to go close — don't shoot close-ups every scene or every shot, they don't mean anything. When a close-up is good. I mean, Ford was so judicious about his close-ups and his wide shots. Ford, technically, was, for me, the perfect filmmaker and Orson Welles was second. I only put Ford in front of Welles as a technician, as a great technician, although I've been yelled and laughed at for that.

*You mentioned George Lucas. Who others of your contemporaries do you put in that group?*

Spielberg: There's a friend of mine, he's not directing yet, but he'll be a very good director some day. His name is Willard Hike. Gloria and Willard Hike are a writing team that wrote **American Graffiti**. And they've done a picture of their own now, George Lucas' third movie, called **Movieland Murders**. And I considered Brian DePalma a close friend and a contemporary, and I consider John Milius a close friend. And I consider other people. I mean, I like a lot of Bill Friedkin's work — I love **The Birthday Party**. People don't know that film exists. I love Friedkin's work on **The Birthday Party**. One of the reasons I cast Robert Shaw in this film is because of **The Birthday Party**. And **The French Connection**. I didn't like **The Exorcist** very much. It's interesting, it's not so much that I get a lot of information from these filmmakers because they're young, it's just because they're the people that I most easily fall into contact with. I see them all the time. It just so happens that when you get into a bull session about directing with other directors, sparks fly a lot of the time. I can get off on that much more than I can from screening ten pictures with the six great American directors of the last sixty years. That's the way I operate. I haven't got any style yet, I haven't found my style. I mean, you know, it's funny; I've made two films so far and I still feel very out of touch with filmmaking, you know, I'm still feeling my way along.

*What do you mean by out of touch with filmmaking?*

Spielberg: I mean, I have all the tools, but I don't have the command of the language yet. It's like learning French. It's like I'm in my third year French and I've got about three to go before I can even go over there and talk to people without them saying, "You're an American, let me speak English to you. I can speak better English to you than you can speak French to me." I still feel that I have a ways to go. I mean, **Jaws** to me is an exercise in filmmaking, but it's an exercise, it's not something that comes that easily, that instinctively to me. It takes a lot of thought, a lot of walking in circles, wondering why I'm doing this and analyzing it — and then I discover, the minute I analyze, the minute I get very analytical about something, it doesn't work. But when I feel it should be right, but maybe cannot provide a reason for Rick when he says "Why are you doing this?", usually everybody agrees that it's the right way to do it.

*Do you think you have a view of the world that comes through in your film work?*

Spielberg: No. Not yet. Ask me that question in ten years.

*But do you think that's a problem in developing an approach to material...*

Spielberg: No, that's just called maturing, you don't stop when you're thirty, you keep going. **Sugarland Express**, for instance, would have been a very different picture had I made it six months ago. Began shooting it six months ago with an eye to releasing it next December. It would have been a wholly different film.

*In what way?*

Spielberg: I would have made it just like a documentary with the whole thing handheld, the whole thing in 35mm hand-held. Colour, but the whole picture would have been done behind the police cars, shooting over them to the fugitives, the way we see it on television. It would have been from Ben Johnson's point of view; Ben Johnson would have been the star and you would've gotten to know these people through binoculars, monoculars, police radios, rear-view mirror glimpses on the horizon, long shots, small figures standing by the car, and I would have told the whole story from behind the police lines.

*So, everything once removed from their reality.*

Spielberg: I would've taken everything away from its reality. I would've taken a very specific point of view. Because in **Sugarland** I took a broad point of view. I told everything from three different points of view. The media, the police and the trio.

*Are you attracted to things that actually happened as subjects for films?*

Spielberg: Yeah, I'm much more attracted to news stories than I am, you know, by a dream or a fancy idea. I love current events, I love Costa-Gavras. I'd love to do a picture like **Z** someday, a political thriller. But the picture I'm doing next is a political thriller.

*What is that?*

Spielberg: I can't really discuss it in depth, but it's a science fiction film.

*And who are you doing it for?*

Spielberg: I'm doing it for Columbia, for Michael and Julia Phillips, who produced **The Sting**. I'm doing that next.

*Do you think it's become easier for a young filmmaker to make a first film than it used to be?*

Spielberg: Yeah, much easier. It's so easy to make a picture in 16mm today without a lot of bread, and get a lot of help, because the major studios are looking for new people. And one thing that you'll get, you'll finish a picture and screen it, and you'll get the studio heads storming the projection room to hear if it's good. I mean studios today are really into a policy of "you make it, we buy it. You make it, we distribute it." So you have a great chance of getting good distribution on your films. If you can somehow get $200,000 to make a film; independently or someone like Ed Pressman, who's a good angel to have in your corner. He made **Dealing**, he made **Sisters**, and **Badlands**. I mean, he's a very good guy to have in your corner.

*What's your biggest problem this moment in filmmaking?*

Spielberg: Finding a story that interests me, and finding a story that will hold my interest for the nine months it takes to make a motion picture from start to finish. That's my biggest problem.

*What's the most exciting part of making a picture for you?*

Spielberg: The conception of the story is the most exciting part about making a picture for me. The second most exciting part is assembling the film. The most nerve-wracking part of the movie, the process that I most dislike is the actual shooting and directing of the picture. It's true.

*Yeah, it's sort of an anti-climax. You don't get quite what you want.*

Spielberg: You know exactly what you want, it's like painting by the numbers. And that's why in this picture, I'm more excited in making this picture than I was in **Sugarland**, because **Sugarland** was all planned out. But in this one there are surprises every day. Every day something new happens, every day something gets fucked up, but it's exciting.

*What have you learned about making pictures on your first two pictures that will make it easier for you to make a third picture?*

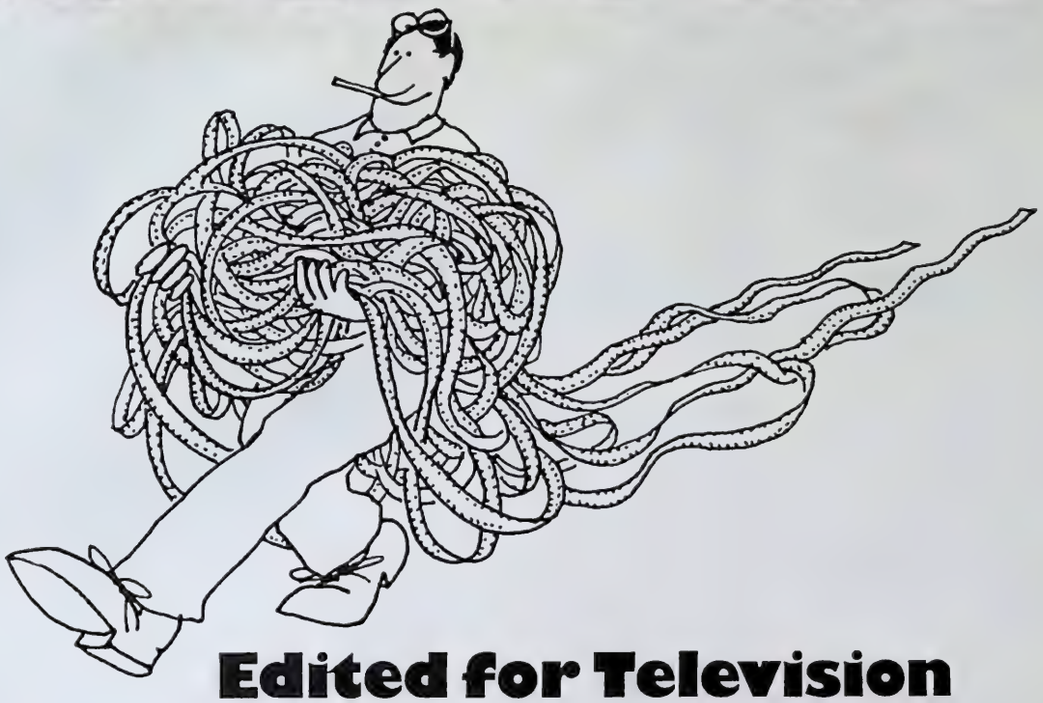
Spielberg: If I get this question right, they'll get Paul Lynde next?

*No, but they could bring out a surprise guest.*

Spielberg: How is it easier? Well, here's how I would evade the question: By saying that each picture is different, and you never learn enough to make one film perfect. You never can gather so much data that you go into a picture and cruise through it like it's warm butter. That's the way to evade the question. I don't know how to really answer the question. I really don't yet. Stick around today, ask me that in about two hours. I want to give it some thought. It's a good question. It's the best question that anyone's asked me in the picture so far.

END

# The Death of a Hundred Cuts



## Edited for Television

by James Kleckner

It was Saturday afternoon, the Forty-Niner game was blacked out in the San Francisco Bay Area, and I had nothing better to do so I watched a movie on television called **Law and Order**, starring Ronald Reagan. Everything was fine. My beer was cold. I had plenty of peanuts. My chair felt comfortable. Then there appeared a flaw in the movie. Sheriff Ronald Reagan didn't seem nearly as surprised as the San Francisco home audience was when up popped a man full of life whom Sheriff Reagan had gunned down earlier in the story! It took a little while but I later pieced together what had happened. The television film editor who had edited this film mixed up his cuts while working on the movie and some scenes became reversed in the order in which they originally appeared in the story.

As popular as they are, movies on television appear quite differently from the way they were first made in Hollywood and Europe, though not necessarily as jarringly as the foregoing example. A middle man stands between the theatrical release of a motion picture and the home movie fan — the television film editor. He's the one who condenses, censors, and breaks the film up into segments, for commercial insertion, to fit the television format of a local TV station. He's the one whom the indignant viewing public screams about, the "bloody idiot" they wish to hang for butchering this or that "wonderful" movie. I'm very familiar with these cries of botchery over movies shown on local stations — I've been a feature film editor for KGO-TV, in San Francisco, during the past ten years.

I'd say it's fair to guess that many movies edited for television are aired without the viewing public's being aware that these films are cut. This is the signature of a good TV film editor. But now I've noticed that the television networks are sometimes indicating at the beginning of a movie that the film has been edited for telecast and I can hear viewer screams reverberate through my head already. I realize we are all critics to a fashion, but such screams are a form of premature criticism. Just because a feature film has been edited for television doesn't always mean that the film has been ruined for home viewing enjoyment. There are good and bad television editors just as there are good and bad movies.

**"They Went That a..."**

Criticism about a badly edited film on TV is understandable; I've seen some dillies myself. There are very few rules as to what can be edited out of movies, so many lazy TV film editors set up their own rules and shortcuts. The most common practice is to cut out a big hunk of celluloid immediately following the opening titles, or credits, of a feature film without any regard to what exposition is taking place in the beginning of the story. Another goody is for an editor to leave out reel two of a three reel picture. Then there are the editors who cut a film blindfolded. Take an example from the Hollywood prototype love

*— cont. on page 15*

# Memoirs of a Censor

## by Jennifer Alward

4:03 "God damn, bastard"
4:35 "Fuck you!"
7:53 "Shit, what does he think he's doing"
7:59 "Get your fuckin' hand off her tit or I'll kill you, you motherfucker."
8:28 "Up your fuckin' ass-hole, cunt."

That's a selection lifted from a 12-page series of type-written notes taken by myself, on a film submitted to CBS by a major film studio. Nothing relieves pent-up frustrations like dictating film notes to my demure secretary, who cringes and giggles as I roll out one vulgarity after another and she shyly writes them down. Most people think this is all censors do, but it isn't that much fun, that easy. So I'd like to clarify and straighten out some of the misconceptions people have had about censors; particularly in regard to films on television. Of course, I am only speaking for myself, in my particular situation, in the Program Practices Department at CBS.

Our Vice President asks us to call ourselves executive editors, thus avoiding the usual hassles one receives with the mere mention of the word censor. Most people's immediate reaction is one of paranoia and criticism, always prefaced with "I don't watch much television, but —". Sure, just like nobody voted for Nixon. I wouldn't mind listening to all the constructive and well-meaning arguments, if people knew what they were talking about. I hope this article will, in some way, aid us in being understood and tolerated.

The physical image of a censor is usually one of Priscilla Goodbody or a little, old man in a grey, flannel suit with wire-rim glasses. I guess this is a holdover from past censors and/or the result of bad publicity, and few people expect to see me in my usual attire of T-shirts and jeans. I am constantly being thrown out of control booths or off sets because the producers are looking for the censor and are too busy for the likes of me.

In our New York office of Program Practices, we have a 36 year-old director, who lords it over five editors: three men and two women. Three of us are under 30 years of age, one is 32 and the other in his 40s. All of the staff are single except for the director. One of the important requirements, in keeping abreast of where the country's tastes and morals are headed, is to do a lot of general reading. To aid us in judgement we read a variety of periodicals, ranging from *Radical Therapy* to *McCall's* to *Rolling Stone* and *Viva*. Plus, the usual local papers, *Time* and *Newsweek*, etc. As Robert Wood so eloquently put it, "This is to be able to judge the audiences' 'level of expectancy'."

To a lot of people we are a lot of things, but we can always be relied on as the scapegoat for the Network. I don't know how many times I have been in the office of a program executive that is on the phone with a producer or an agent, who has submitted a property that the program executive doesn't want to accept. Rather than tell the truth, they'll explain how the censor didn't approve the submission. Or sometimes if the ratings start to slip on a series, we are accused of not letting them do the original scripts and that's why the programs are failing.

Our labeled and readily-recognizable outside influences are advertisers, affiliates, writers, producers, directors, organized pressure groups, Nielsen ratings, FCC, Congress and critics. And CBS tries to please them all. Our jobs were once poorly summed-up as being representatives of tastes and standards for the nation. Have you ever heard a more horrifying and absurd statement? Taking aside that the Nielsens are bullshit, how can you explain an audience that watches a violent *Hawaii 5-0* episode one night, and the same audience the next night watches a sweet *Waltons* episode or a sarcastic *All In The Family*. There is no way you can sum up one standard, one taste, for that audience. It is made up of a wide spectrum of people who — legally owning the airwaves — want to be, first and foremost, entertained.

Most people think advertisers dictate to the Networks what goes on the air. This is partially true and those advertisers do tend to be a bit conservative. But the real bodies all the Networks are after are your local affiliates. They're the ones that buy our programs and put them on the local stations. The Networks and the advertisers wine and dine them to continue their picking up our products. They're also the most conservative in the chain of command.

To all of our CBS affiliates we close-circuit, a few days ahead of a program's scheduled time, that exact program. The local stations then decide if they want the program or not. Sometimes the stations won't air what we have scheduled, such as *Sticks and Bones* or *Maude's Abortion*. Not only do we lose hundreds of thousands of dollars, but we have to answer all the mail that the viewers send in. For example, in the case of *Maude's Abortion* we received almost 500,000 letters: all complaints. The affiliates get pressure too, not only from their local viewers but also the FCC, who every couple of years renew their licenses. The renewal is dependent on whether or not the local station complied with the guide-lines set out in a small, grey, ambiguous, booklet called the NAB Code. For example, in the area of violence, the Code states, "violence, either physical or psychological, should only be projected in responsibly handled contexts. The use of violence for its own sake and the detailed dwelling upon brutality or physical agony by sight or sound, are not permissible." Last season NBC aired **The Godfather** and **Born Innocent**, which shot to hell the whole paragraph and the NAB Board is still trying to decide if this was a deliberate violation against the Code or not. And if it is, what penalties can they impose on NBC?

The most publicized pressure is from organized citizen groups. God love them! Listed below are a few of the most vocal we contend with: The Right To Life, Planned Parenthood, The Gay Activist Alliance, The Knights of Columbus, Justicia, The Italian-American Anti-Defamation League, The American Indian Movement, The Council of Catholic Bishops, The Chinese-American Media Committee, The Council of Rabbis, The Black Media Council, The Council of Children, Media and Merchandising, The National Citizen's Committee For Better Broadcasting, The Asian-American Council, The Bnai Brith and The Southern Baptist Convention, just to name a few. Our Vice President meets with all of these groups and channels their complaints down to us. We

"To a lot of people we are a lot of things, but we can always be relied on as the scapegoat for the Network."

are made aware of their problems and check how they are being handled on our shows. This also means we must keep a carefully documented account of job occupations, children, minorities, drinking, smoking, profanity, violence, commercial mentions and how animals are treated.

Taking into consideration the above forces, we have a particular problem with film because it is a finished product. What usually occurs in buying film from a studio is, first, they send over a package of films they want to sell. The package is usually composed of a few good films that lure us into wanting to buy and the rest are shit that the company has lost money on. On the first viewing of the film, we decide whether or not we can air it with or without editing. We inform the Program Executive of our decision and he tells Business Affairs what films to negotiate for. CBS has a policy of not putting a lot of money into films. We get better ratings from our series. Therefore, we are not at this time in the running for such expensive purchases as **The Godfather** or **Gone With The Wind**.

If the film is bought, we look at it again for editing notes. And we don't cut everything out point blank. We take into consideration whether something is valid within the context of the story and, if it is controversial, how best we can handle it in an artistic and aesthetic manner. If we feel the film is important enough and we are having a tough time editing; we will work with the director (if he agrees) to salvage as much as possible.

Some of our more successful jobs were Mike Nichols' **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf** and **The Graduate**. On both accounts we received written congratulations and a thank you from Nichols for saving his balls. Of course, this took the kind of time, money and work that the Network can't afford for every film. Exactly 1:26 minutes were taken out of **Virginia Woolf** and most of that was the "God's" in the "God damns". We felt the scene in **The Graduate** where Benjamin places his hand on Mrs. Robinson's breast *had* to be left in.

On Robert Altman's **M.A.S.H.**, we spent over 200 man-hours putting it together and the only complaints and calls we received were from viewers asking where was Alan Alda and who were those strangers? There, we only took out 8 minutes.

Violence is an entirely different ballgame. I personally don't care for it, but realize it is a necessary part to a lot of stories and audiences expect it for their thrills and excitement. Our latest violence problems were **The Wild Bunch** and **Bonnie and Clyde**. One reason we did such a poor editing job on **The Wild Bunch** was because we got the print late and had only three weeks before its scheduled air-time to cut it. That isn't enough time to properly cut a film that had as many problems as that one. I congratulate Coppola on his job of editing **The Godfather** for television. But I think because of his position and because of all the money NBC spent on getting that film, he was allowed to overstep a lot of rulings of the NAB Code in a way that our superiors will not allow us to do.

**In Cold Blood** was edited with director Richard Brooks, as was **The Professionals**. In such cases you always get a superior product. Brooks has it written into his contracts that he gets final say on television versions of his films. Nowadays, film companies instruct directors to shoot a television version of scenes where there might be trouble.

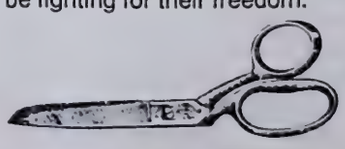
Film studios also send us their own edited versions of films. They are usually such monstrosities that, for the present, we have asked to see the original prints. The funniest example of this sort of editing was a version of **Serpico** without any of the verbal "fucks", which is one-third of the movie.

A problem that afflicts certain action films because they are made for the large, theatrical screen is they loose their impact on a small television set. The car chase scene in **Bullitt** wasn't half as exciting on television as it was in the theater. Nor do commercial interruptions help this type (or any type) of film, either. Luckily, we have nothing to do with this, nor where the act breaks occur.

At present, my job encompasses not only the prime-time movies, but also the 11:30 late night films which are on five nights a week. I believe some of the worst movies ever made are submitted as late night possibilities. Most producers feel if their film isn't a success in the theatres, television will buy it. I am amazed that some of these producers got money in the first place to make such atrocities, and have to admit that I enjoy cutting some of these films. It's like being back at film school and for your 1A-Film Editing class, they hand you a roll of film to try and make an understandable story out of.

When you edit for the 11:30 movie, the rules of censorship shift to the more mature viewer. Does this mean more sex and violence? I really don't know and, therefore, apply my own "more sex, less violence" motto. In the past we have had occasion where a breast or something equally shocking has appeared on the air by mistake and I sweat it out for a couple of weeks in case some viewer or affiliate catches it and complains. But usually nothing happens and I use the case to bolster my arguments with my superiors as to how much the audience can handle.

To those of you that want to argue whether or not we should have censors, I'd say don't waste your time and energy on such hypothetical bullshit because we are going to have censorship on the Networks — and for quite a while. In fact, early this year the FCC and Congress tried to pass a rule that would have made it mandatory for the Networks to have only family entertainment between 8 and 9 o'clock. Right away all three Networks rushed down to Washington D.C. in defense of self-regulation and put off federal action for the present. But other measures are being seriously considered by the government to curb sex and violence on television. It just seems ironic that censors should be fighting for their freedom.



story in which boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy wins girl back. Our dimsighted editor will cut out the reasons by which Rock Hudson loses Doris Day so the home viewer sees a romantic couple entwined, making all sorts of vows covering marriage, home, and children. Suddenly, and without any explanation, Rock and Doris are at each other with tooth and nail. When true love finally wins out after all, the audience is thoroughly confused.

One editor at KGO-TV (who I should point out had been away from his art for a few years) did a unique trick with Twentieth Century-Fox's **Titanic**. He was so absorbed in keeping the romantic involvements of Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Wagner and Audrey Dalton intact, he forgot the principle actor — the ship Titanic. The result was that one minute the ship was sailing peacefully along on its maiden voyage and the next minute the unsinkable Titanic was inexplicably sinking. The editor had snipped out the ship's collision with an iceberg.

Another co-worker of mine got ahold of **King of Kings**, Samuel Bronston's version of the story of Christ. The editor thought Jesus's Sermon on the Mount wasn't important so he completely eliminated it from the story. The only fault in his editing choice is that next to the Crucifixion, the Sermon on the Mount was the high point of the movie.

And who at KGO-TV can forget the cutting of MGM's **The Great Ziegfeld**. In the film's story William Powell, as Ziegfeld, had married Myrna Loy in favor of Luise Rainer and on the honeymoon Miss Rainer called Powell by telephone to congratulate him. Our editor dropped this scene out of the telecast. Many viewers were understandably upset since this scene was the one critics always referred to when writing about Luise Rainer's Academy Award-winning performance.

Continuity in a movie can be literally destroyed by an editor who carelessly selects positions for commercial breaks. In most television stations it is the film editor who decides where the films are to be interrupted

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for commercials and these interruptions can be real cliff hangers: William Powell in **The Thin Man**, "I think I have the name of the murderer." (break for commercial). "Yes I was here when they rode past. They went that a..." (announcer butts in with, "We'll rejoin our western adventure after these messages."). "Mary, Mary, I must tell you I love..." (break for a soap commercial). Or John Garfield's off screen narration in **The Postman Always Rings Twice**, "Suddenly, I heard something..." (break for commercial).

My guess is that only the people who were involved in the original production of these films would be able to understand what's happening in the stories when TV editing methods like these are used.

**"Standards of Editing"**

Alright, then, how can the editors improve their cutting techniques?

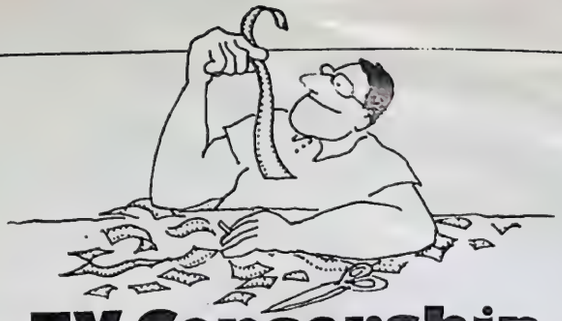
In the first place, it's not the TV film editor who determines how much of a movie is to be eliminated. This decision is based on how many spots are sold, in which time slot the movie is booked to run, and the unedited length of the film. A major problem is that, generally, most of the better movies are lengthy and in order for a station to attract a larger audience for a particular time slot, better and, thus, longer movies are scheduled. I should also point out that the better the movie is, the harder it is for an editor to cut it. A well-made film has less extraneous material; every line of dialogue is important to the plot; every scene is pertinent to the film as a whole — unifying pacing, mood, characterization, sub-plot, etc. It is solely up to the TV film editor to fit any movie to the allotted telecast time slot and a good editor will have respect for the viewing audience and cut the film accordingly.

For the television film editor to do his job well he must know the film's potential viewers — whether it's to be a mass audience for a film which has already proven to be a commercial success during its theatrical run, like **Tammy and the Bachelor**, or a limited audience for an art film which had a mediocre theatrical attendance, such as **Rashomon**. With this information, the editor will know how familiar the movie is to the prospective viewers. The cutter is asking for trouble when he eliminates a well-known but simple line like Bogart's, "Play it again, Sam" (if this line really is in **Casablanca**, as all Humphry Bogart mimics think it is), or Cooper's, "When you call me that, smile", or West's, "Come up and see me sometime."

Knowledge of the audience makeup with regard to sex and age is also important to the sharp television film editor. A movie shown in the mornings is more or less aimed at the housewife, so the film's love scenes should remain intact and some of the action sequences sacrificed. (I'll never forget the bawling out I received from KGO-TV's program director when he saw I had edited out some romantic interludes between William Holden and Nancy Olson from Warner Brothers' **Force of Arms**, a typical war movie of the fifties. I felt justified in what I had done since much of the action was pertinent to the story line and cutting these action scenes would raise many questions. Restitution was made, however, because I told the program director he had no business booking a long war movie in an eighty-five minute time slot designed for a female audience.) The opposite is true for a movie telecast in a time slot aimed at children — the "mushy love stuff" is omitted in favor of the exciting chase scene. Where children are concerned, the TV film editor also has to take on the role of censor. I will discuss this in more detail later.

A good policy at any TV station is for the film editors to screen every movie in advance before reaching for the scissors. Then they will only cut out material which is least essential to the plot of each film and they can try to make their cuts in the most unobtrusive way possible. There are exceptions to this rule since some musical numbers, or some good comedy and dramatic bits, may not further the plot but are in themselves highlights of a movie. I ran into this problem in **Words and Music**, MGM's showcase for its musical stars.

*— cont. on page 18*



# TV Censorship of the Movies

by Randy C. Baer & Christopher Baffer

Concern over the lack of "suitability" of movies for television extends back as far as commercial television itself. In 1949, the Pennsylvania state board of movie censors requested that TV stations obtain board approval before broadcasting films. The action was voided in the courts — ironically, not because it violated the stations' constitutionally guaranteed freedom, but because of a jurisdictional dispute. "Congress has occupied fully the field of TV regulation" ruled the State Supreme Court, "and this field is no longer open to the states."

The earliest industry-wide attention came in the mid-fifties, when the Studios sold their libraries of old films to TV distributors. In 1955, TV producer William Ziv, fearing the competition of this product, commented: "Many of these pictures were produced by men who believed that the way to attract people to theaters was to give them sex, violence and thrills." A few films sold at this time survive to this day in somewhat milder forms. Many TV prints of **Kiss of Death** are missing the famous, shocking scene of Richard Widmark pushing an old woman in a wheelchair down a flight of stairs.

Two years later, the first major controversy over TV editing of a film developed when the British producing-directing team of Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat sued Shepperton Studios and British Lion Films for libel with regard to the broadcast on American TV of their film **The Constant Husband**. "So many cuts had been made" according to Launder and Gilliat, "that its humor, vitality, and artistic quality were impaired". They maintained that since their names were still on the print, they would be considered responsible for the editing. The Studios denied any knowledge of, or responsibility for, the mutilated print and the case was settled out of court for an undisclosed sum.

Film censorship as it is now witnessed in weekly prime-time broadcasts dates back to 1966, an important year in many respects. In January, Otto Preminger was defeated in his lawsuit against Columbia Pictures and Screen Gems, Inc. The director was infuriated by the editing of **Anatomy of a Murder** for TV and claimed that his reputation and the commercial value of the film would suffer. Columbia and Screen Gems argued that a station had the right, once sold, of final cut.

This disappointment for Preminger was followed by what seemed to be a legal triumph for veteran director George Stevens. In March, California's Supreme Court issued a restraining order barring NBC from broadcasting **A Place in the Sun** if deletions and commercial interruptions "adversely affected or emasculated the artistic or pictorial quality". The Stevens case became a rallying point for his entire profession. Seeking not only the elimination of cuts but commercials as well, Stevens received the support of Directors Guild President George Sidney. NBC broadcast the film in defiance of the order — uncut, but with many commercials. The court ruled that the film had not been mutilated and after this, the Guild movement gradually declined.

In September, the com-

mercial potential of film sales to TV was fully realized with the highly successful broadcast of **The Bridge on the River Kwai**, for which ABC paid a record $2 million. CBS and ABC soon announced that in the upcoming year they would spend $92.3 million for movies and for the first time, TV sale meant the difference between profit and loss for many productions.

Shortly afterwards came the revised MPAA Production Code. Prompted by the competition of more mature European imports, the Association would now allow a far greater degree of freedom than was permissible on television. The groundwork had been established for major productions which would be, to the television industry, both valuable and objectionable.

In the next few years, as films became more explicit, editing for TV became more extensive. Few directors commented but eventually the situation became intolerable.

In the Fall of 1970, British director Peter Hall viewed Universal Pictures' TV print of his film, **Three Into Two Won't Go**. He was shocked to see new scenes, made without his participation and featuring actors he had never met. These scenes, bridging the gaps created where large sections of the original film had been removed, completely changed the meaning and intentions of his film. Hall and screenwriter Edna O'Brien demanded that their credits and the title of the film be removed from the TV print. Universal announced that several of its films had been so doctored (including **The Night of the Following Day** and **Secret Ceremony**) but in the future, would have directors shoot "covering footage" for TV prints at the time of the original productions.

Five years after Universal's announcement, few producers and directors seem to have followed their lead. Yet Tom Swafford of the CBS Department of Broadcast Standards predicts a trend in that direction. "Years ago, they used to shoot a film two ways, one for European and one for domestic screening. I think, if pressed, perhaps the producers can come up with footage that has been in a vault somewhere".

"CBS plans to modify **The Getaway** so that the protagonists no longer get away."

The first director to search the vaults, in Swafford's memory, was Richard Brooks, but he performed this service very much on his own terms. The film in question was **The Professionals**, the year was 1972. CBS had purchased the film and had assembled their preliminary editing notes. At this point the film's producer, Columbia Pictures, called to inform the network that an oversight had deprived them of the editing rights. Apparently, the standard release form had been sent to Brooks, returned and routinely filed. Only when it was pulled six years later was it discovered that Brooks had never signed it.

Brooks' reaction to CBS's proposed cuts was expressed directly in a letter to Swafford. "I understand you have a daughter. I'm sure you wouldn't like to see her mutilated in any way. I feel somewhat the same about my film." Both explained their positions and agreed that they could work together. **The Professionals** was screened in the presence of its original editor. By drawing on outtakes and overruns, several scenes of violence and suggested sex were toned down without making them unintelligible. For example, during a rather explicit mass execution, the cut was made just before the gunfire. As the shots are heard, the camera instead registers the reactions of two characters as they look on in horror and disgust. Brooks also persuaded the network to retain the word "bastard" in the film's dramatic curtain line.

The working relationship with Brooks was so satisfying that CBS agreed to purchase the director's adaptation of Truman Capote's **In Cold Blood**. Broadcast with minor revisions, it became the first CBS film to be preceded by an "advisory legend", a warning that the program to follow might not be suitable for all tastes and ages.

A similar admonition accompanied the CBS presentation of **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** The network solicited the assistance of director Mike Nichols, who was unable to help because of location shooting in the Bahamas. Still, only 64 seconds of the original were removed, and most critics agreed the integrity of the original was maintained. Word reached Nichols, and several months later when **The Graduate** was purchased he agreed to supervise the editing. The agreement stood until Nichols happened to see the network telecast of **Bonnie and Clyde**, and immediately sent off a letter to CBS:

> After seeing what you did to the final scene of **Bonnie and Clyde** last night, which after all was the point of the entire picture, I want you to know that I have no intention of working with you in editing **The Graduate**.
>
> If you're going to have your balls cut off, you don't want to have to hold the razor.

Nichols was however, sufficiently pleased with the broadcast version to write another note: "Both I and the picture came through intact."

The desire of the Standards Departments to work directly with filmmakers has not always been greeted enthusiastically, but when a director decides not to be involved the result may be even less satisfactory. Sam Peckinpah refused to assist CBS on the editing of **The Wild Bunch** and as one result, three minutes and twenty seconds were trimmed from the climactic shootout. The impression left was that an entire town died of heart disease, plague, or some unidentified malady, but not of gunshot wounds. Swafford commented on the TV version: "I think we edited the thing as well as we could without having access to other footage."

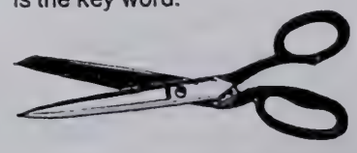
The technique of re-editing, and often redubbing, which requires access to replacement footage, has also found its way to NBC, and to a much lesser degree to ABC. That network simply removed nearly one half hour of film from their recent showing of **Midnight Cowboy**. Interestingly, ABC's technique backfired on **The Heartbreak Kid**. The innocent sexual game between Cybill Shepherd and Charles Grodin was so extensively cut that the most intimate activity was suggested.

Although most directors have not edited their own films for television, a few have been aggressive in offering their services. In addition to his work with CBS, Brooks contacted NBC about **$**, and Francis Ford Coppola worked closely with the same network on the most important film telecast to date: **The Godfather**. Although restricted by network guidelines, particularly NBC's inflexible policy regarding language, the director edited the film himself at his own studios in San Francisco.

Among the current films being considered for future seasons, several will present special problems for TV editors. Paramount is now offering to the networks a "test-edit" version of **Serpico** to prove that the film's rough language and graphic violence can be altered without destroying its impact. CBS plans to modify **The Getaway** so that the protagonists no longer get away. Network attitudes reflect the old Hollywood Production Code morality in that retribution is essential if anti-social behavior is to look unattractive.

**Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid**, severely edited by MGM and disowned by its director Sam Peckinpah, will be given a second chance when some of the discarded footage is reinstated in the TV print. Even though many scenes have been edited, the new version will actually run longer than the theatrical release print.

Although conditions are becoming more favorable for creative broadcasting of films, the attitude of industry representatives such as Swafford is one of cautious optimism: "I don't know that we will make as much progress in the next five years as we've made in the last five. I think there are some areas which will remain difficult if not downright *verboten* for commercial television. I think 'commercial' is the key word."



I snipped out a simple Mel Torme song and the station received a complaint from San Francisco columnist Herb Caen. Apparently Mr. Caen suffered through the entire picture just to hear Mr. Torme. (I should have cut out a song by a lesser-known singing artist but I couldn't find one.) We film editors at KGO-TV used to sacrifice the singing of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in order to save their movie plots, until we heard loud protests from the Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald fan club. But I discovered quite by accident that the club members weren't as ardent fans as they professed to be. I worked for two days editing Victor Herbert's operetta, **Naughty Marietta**, in order to keep every note intact — even when Miss MacDonald hummed a few bars! Our film department received a nice letter from the fan club stating, "**Naughty Marietta** was edited well but we were sorry to see that a few songs had been trimmed out." One doesn't have to be an ardent Laurel and Hardy fan to see the mistake in cutting out a scene from a film of theirs such as the hilarious egg fight sequence in **Hollywood Party** between innocent Stan and Ollie and Lupe Valez, the Mexican spitfire. It would be equally wrong for a TV film editor working on a W. C. Fields movie to use his editing scissors on a comedy routine in which Mr. Fields displays his unique juggling ability. In Columbia's **From Here To Eternity**, I left out the short scene after Frank Sinatra dies, when Montgomery Clift plays evening taps for his lost friend. Later I had to agree with all the viewers who objected to my edit since the scene is extremely touching and it adds a nice mood to Sinatra's demise. On further examination of the film's structure I discovered that the tap playing sequence leads to an important change of character in Prewitt, the role played by Clift. All in all, these scenes are not essential to the plot but are most certainly missed if edited out.

A good television film editor should know his movie stars — especially the currently popular ones. Promotional departments at the local station level have a way of building up bit parts of once little-known actors who are now big stars. It's mighty embarrassing for a station to promote the minor roles of Steve McQueen in **Never So Few**, Michael Caine in **How to Murder A Rich Uncle**, Lee Marvin in **Bad Day At Black Rock**, James Coburn in **Face of A Fugitive**, Raquel Welch in **Roustabout**, Katherine Ross in **Shenandoah**, or Donald Sutherland in (would you believe) **Castle of the Living Dead**, when these stars end up on the cutting room floor.

> "Another goody is for an editor to leave out reel two of a three reel picture."

The editor also has to remember to cut out any references in the film's dialogue to material he has already edited out. The home viewer will most certainly miss portions of the movie if the actors keep talking about events which never took place on the tube. In **The Lost World**, Twentieth Century-Fox's version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's tale of a land with prehistoric monsters, I had to cut out no less than twelve references to an insignificant portion of the story whereby Claude Rains zonks David Hedison over the head with an umbrella at an airport and Hedison falls into a puddle of water. It seemed as if everyone in the cast was interested in the incident and each had his or her say about it: (David Hedison) — "I'll get even with that guy even if it means losing my job." (Newspaper Headline) — "Challenger Assaults London Newsman!" (Jill St. John) — "Well, the man in the puddle." (Michael Rennie) — "Isn't that the man on the front page?" (Richard Haydn) — "The professor has a remarkable aptitude for getting himself in the headlines by clashing with the press — head on, you might say." (Richard Haydn) — "So fearing the worst but with the pious hope that he may be persuaded to refrain from using that, uh, that lethal weapon with which he so frequently punctuates his opinions, I give you Professor George Edmund Challenger." When asked, "What's wrong, Malone?", David Hedison sneezes. (Michael Rennie) — "What about it, Malone? The climate's very good for colds." (David Hedison) — "You know the professor owes me something for that hit on the head." (Claude Rains) — "Didn't you have enough at the airport, young man?" (Jill St. John) — "Mr. Malone, your cold seems so much better." And after surviving attacks by dinosaurs, cannibals and giant spiders Claude Rains says to Hedison, "Malone, I never did apologize for hitting you on the head with my umbrella." If I had left a single one of these references in the movie the station's telephone switchboard would have lit up like a Christmas tree as angry viewers called in to protest my "butchery."

Movies made before the 60s are generally harder to edit, without the audience's awareness, than the more modern movies, due to the changing methods of film transitions (i.e., a change in place or time). Jump cuts (cuts which break the continuity by skipping an interval in time, showing people or objects in a different position in two adjacent shots), which are commonly used in films today, were avoided by everyone fifteen years ago, save the European filmmakers. The earliest films used dissolves between scenes. Motion pictures of the 30s and 40s even had dissolves *within* a scene. (I have seen Deanna Durbin, Loretta Young and Rosalind Russell helped up many a flight of stairs by a dissolve or two.) It was also a great fad in films of the 30s and 40s to employ flashbacks which were separated by a dissolve. (I swear **Edward, My Son**, from MGM, even had flashbacks within a flashback.) Thus, if a TV film editor takes out a scene from an older movie he naturally has a jump cut which draws a lot of attention to itself. If a scene is eliminated from a more recent movie, it is less noticeable since most of the transitions are simply a quick cut (or take). An example is the crosscut or parallel action, which became common in pictures of the 50s. Here the movie alternates from one scene to another so that two or more subjects are presented in fragments, alternately; like cutting from Marshal Randolph Scott in the desert pursuing the outlaw, to a second outlaw taking a drink in a saloon, and then cutting back to Scott again. Any shortening of these scenes would be unnoticed by home viewers.

A good television film editor will limit *all* of his cuts to places where they won't be noticed. This can be after a commercial where the film's continuity is interrupted anyway and the home viewer won't be jarred by a change in time or place following the commercial. The editor can also effectively edit out unimportant material within a scene by splicing a wide shot next to a close-up. (Example: cutting from an opening shot of a party group to a close-up of Paul Newman entering the room five minutes later — doing away with trivial cocktail conversation.) Many movies use gradual fades to black and back in on picture as transitional devices and extraneous plot material can easily be lifted out from between two fades, unnoticed by the audience. Such fades come in handy to the editor of films full of long journey sequences like in **Mutiny on the Bounty**, **They Came to Cordura**, **It Happened One Night**, and **Ride the High Country** or of episodic movies such as **David Copperfield**, **The Good Earth**, **The Robe**, **Goodbye, Mr. Chips**, and **War and Peace**. The editor can even indicate places in the film where a fade is needed to cover a jump cut and it can be done electronically by the technical director during telecast. Some stations allow editors to use masking tape or ink on the film's surface to simulate a fade. This manufactured transition works, but the tape can get the print extremely dirty and can become caught up in the projector during the movie's telecast and rip the film. Also, any ink used cannot be removed from the film's surface. Another effective, but tricky, edit technique is to cut on some action; such as on a close-up of a razor being plunged downward toward a woman, in a murder movie, like **Jack the Ripper**, and

then cut to a [illegible] shot of a differ[illegible]. Two editing aims can be achieved in this instance: (1) The transition will be unnoticed, and (2) the numerous killings in between are eliminated and the picture becomes less violent. Cuts can also be negligible if they are made following a long swish pan (the camera moves right or left at a terrific speed until the image becomes blurred). Filmmakers in the 60s, especially Italian cameramen, utilized the zoom lens quite often and were able to move (or zoom) in close or back away from objects or people without losing focus, and a good TV film editor will take advantage of these zooms. He can cut on a zoom-out from, say, a mountain and splice back in later in the story on a zoom-in to a close-up of the pistol Lee Van Cleef is holding. If the editor's timing is right the cut will be unnoticed, even to the eye of the expert. Even short pieces of dialogue can be edited out by simply cutting from one shot filmed at a particular angle to a shot further in the dialogue which was filmed from a different angle. (Example: cutting from John Wayne looking directly at the camera to a shot of Wayne filmed from the side, minus the extraneous dialogue in between.) The TV film editor also has the old moving object he can cut on, but this is often overdone within the movie industry itself. How many times have you seen a transition made from one spinning object to another spinning object, like from a revolving wagon wheel to a moving train wheel?

The audio portion of the movie cannot be neglected either. No matter how pleasing or unnoticed a cut may be picturewise, it will become quite apparent if there is an abrupt change in sound. Too often, TV film editors disregard the background noises or background music in their editing and the jarring changes in sound occuring at their splices destroy even the best cuts.

**"Naked As A Jaybird"**

Inevitably, everytime I tell a stranger what I do for a living I hear, "Oh, you're the fella who cuts out all the good parts of a sexy movie." I have to confess that I, personally, am becoming more and more lenient in my censorship of sexy films for television and more and more strict in censoring violence from all movies shown on TV. One reason is simple: it is the policy of the TV station I work for to telecast late at night any film which might be considered objectionable in its sex content. The public's indignant outcries at such movies being shown on TV are not as loud as they once were and the television code is always changing in the direction of more leniency in matters of sex. So my number one rule in censorship is for the editor to first find out what time a film with questionable material is to be shown. If it's to be late at night he will do very little or nothing to the movie, providing smiles for voyeurs and film buffs who believe the sexy scenes are an integral part of the filmmaker's art. But if a film designed for an adult audience is scheduled during daylight hours when it is more likely children will be viewing TV, the editor would be wise to remove all objectionable footage and retain only what is in good taste.

Where the film is being shown will also play an important part in how much editing censorship is to be involved. Various regions have different taste regarding sexy films, just as sexual mores differ between rural and urban areas. I once heard that San Franciscans are a liberal citizenry with regard to sex; they were the first with topless and bottomless night clubs and they have allowed many pornographic movies to be filmed in San Francisco. So I wasn't too surprised when a New Yorker raised his eyebrows at KGO-TV's move to schedule an uncut version of the movie **Contempt**, which features a nude Brigitte Bardot, late one Sunday night. He told me this film would never have been shown full length in New York City on a VHF-TV station.

There is a UHF-TV station in San Francisco which was noted for its adult movies and they were aimed at just the adult audience. Each film was preceded by a "For Adults Only" slide and this forewarning was repeated before and after each commercial break. Also, these adult-only movies were telecast only late at night so that they could remain uncut. In this way it was up to the parents to keep the kiddies away from the TV set or to get youngsters to watch another channel if they suffered from insomnia. This station's policy will spread among other TV stations in the years to come since the Hollywood trend now is geared towards sex. How many Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) G-rated movies were released last year as compared to films with an R- or X-rating?

A few years from now the networks will be the ones in trouble because of the way they eat up the current releases — a different network movie is telecast every night during the week and as many as three movies may be shown by the three networks in a single night. It won't be long before the stockpile of feature films becomes exhausted. The networks mostly show their movies during prime time (the early evening hours) and the censorship code of each network will not allow an R-rated film to run without drastic censorship cuts. Just imagine the censoring involved in the editing of an X-rated movie. (It may be quite some time before one of the three networks run X-rated movies on a regular basis.) Even PG- and G-rated movies have their share of bleeps (one word or phrase erasures from the sound track). I see the need for these bleeps sometimes but I think they are over-used. I don't believe my children will become demoralized as a result of hearing Doris Day say "damn" or "hell." I'm always reminded of a cartoon I saw that depicted two young children viewing TV and when a bleep appears on the sound track a thought balloon above each child shows the word they're inserting — a word that is more obscene than any word erased from *any* TV telecast.

On the other side of the coin, there's the TV film editor who thinks everything is dirty and takes it upon himself to protect the innocent public from indecency. He's the guy who'll try to paint over the native girls' bare breasts in every frame where natives appear in MGM's **Trader Horn**, made in the 30s! He'd go out of his mind if **I Am Curious (Yellow)**, **Deep Throat**, **Behind the Green Door**, **The Devil in Miss Jones**, or a Russ Meyer sexploitation quickie ever got on television.

At KGO-TV, the film director has a clean, wholesome outlook on censorship. He gives his film editors a free rein on any film they are assigned to edit as long as they keep in mind the time of day each film is to be shown. Oddly enough, his only cardinal rule on the subject is that the editors avoid at all times placing a commercial break immediately after a sexy scene. You know the ones — when the man and woman embrace and lower slowly out of camera range and the camera tilts up to the sky, or when the man and woman embrace and lower slowly out of camera range and the scene cuts to fireworks shooting off, or when the man and woman embrace and lower slowly out of camera range and the scene cuts to the crashing surf, or when... It was surprising the number of telephone calls we used to get from frenzied viewers who swore up and down we had cut this or that love scene because a commercial popped up at the crucial moment in place of the usual stars, fireworks, crashing surf, etc.

So whenever you see a slide saying, "Edited for Television" at the beginning of the movie you are watching, please don't criticise the TV film editor's job prematurely and don't always expect the film to be ruined. If the TV film editor is really with it, you won't even be aware that the picture you are viewing has been cut unless you had seen the film before. Nothing of importance will be missing and the filmmaker's purpose in making that movie will not be lost. The commercials will not drastically interrupt the continuity of the story line. Give the television film editor a break. He's only doing it for your benefit.

# Columns

## Outs

**Exciting vigor, cheering variety**

All of a sudden, and at once, there are a lot of good movies around. **French Connection II**, **Return of the Pink Panther**, **Night Moves** (an ambitious, interesting movie, if not a successful one), appeared within a couple of weeks of each other in New York. A little later on, there was Woody Allen's Russian vaudeville and, most impressive of all, John Milius's **The Wind and the Lion**, Robert Altman's **Nashville** and Steven Spielberg's **Jaws**. There are whole years without as many good American movies as there have been in the past two months.

I wish there was a strong reason all these good things seem to be happening at once. There's always a temptation to cook up a theory to suit and explain a coincidence, to measure the confluence of such a bounty and trace it back to its source in the filmmakers' collective unconscious. But all the movies seem to be coming from their separate, only partially shared, directions. Milius and Spielberg are working from within the best traditions of American narrative filmmaking, Altman from fairly far outside them. **The Wind and the Lion** and **Jaws** are genre pieces, and none the worse for that.

Milius is a romantic, rough and bluff, and **The Wind and the Lion** is much in the grain of movies like **Four Feathers** and **Beau Geste**: challenge is a grace, valor is a reflex, not a matter for choice or thought, adventure is the noblest pursuit of a man and, with a little luck, woman too. Milius has often been criticized for being a sort of hard-hat bull-shit artist, a spinner of tall tales that have overtones of frontier fascism. Strangely, that line of put-down might be better applied to the Milius scripts that have been directed by others (like John Huston's **The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean**) than to his own movies. It was tough to tell, most of the time, what **Dillinger** was supposed to be about: There seemed to be heavy similarities to **Bonnie and Clyde** (a movie Milius pretends to disdain), especially in the romantic and cynical analysis of the process of American popular myth, but the movie was so fractured and cursory that nothing came clear at all.

> “I have almost never been directed in films. I don't know of a single director who's ever told me how to act in films.
>
> — George C. Scott”

**The Wind and the Lion** is a whole lot different: a wonderful, idiosyncratic movie, the sort of bemused high-flying romance that embraces the best qualities of the formula it follows, then side-steps them. Milius has chosen to tell the whole film from a child's point of view. There are the two kids who are kidnapped with Candice Bergen, on the one side, and, on the other, the brood that swarms around Theodore Roosevelt. Milius uses their perspective cannily, but with some melancholy, and it is this quality that makes **The Wind and the Lion** distinctive. All the politics in the films — U.S. intervention in a foreign country, forthright and noble Marine action, overtones of Manifest Destiny — are taken from storybooks, not from history. Milius knows that most of the glories of American history are in our dream of them, and his movie is filled with a sense, not of loss, but of innocent regret for a spoiled vision.

**Jaws** is supremely efficient, scary through and through, a knockout. There's not a moment of waste in it, and it has been well contrived and controlled by Steven Spielberg and his editor, Verna Fields. It's the year's most insidiously enjoyable movie, and a true study in narrative compression. It will probably make everyone involved very rich, which is fine, too. Movies that are so vastly popular aren't usually as good as **Jaws**. **The Exorcist**, for instance. Let's not get into that again, except, perhaps, to say that **Jaws** is absolutely straightforward, without any of the pasty allegorical or metaphysical overtones that made Friedkin's film so sanctimonious. Spielberg is up to nothing more than giving everyone a good scare, jangling a few nerves, and he succeeds surpassingly.

**Nashville** is likewise, and most cheeringly, doing quite well at what *Variety* calls the wickets. Altman's movie has also prompted a tide of critical veneration that is a little alienating and that may put audiences on the defensive. It will be hard for **Nashville** to live up to the reputation it hasn't fairly had time to earn. It takes a while to see if a movie — or, for that matter, any work of art — is truly as good as nearly everyone is saying **Nashville** is. Isn't it enough, for the moment, just to be wonderful? In any case, **Nashville** may be the most important, the most lasting of all these films. With Altman on the one side, Spielberg and Milius on the other, it seems that American movies are fully represented in all their vigor and variety.

I think, though, that the fallout from a **Nashville** success may be better for all of us than the results of **Jaws**. **Nashville** is full of originality and enterprise, while **Jaws** is commercial moviemaking down the line. Fine. Well done all around. But the success of any movie — **Jaws**, **Nashville**, or anything else — not only breeds imitations but sets trends and changes the creative climate. **Nashville** represents a great deal of risk, aesthetic and thematic, while **Jaws** is a pretty snug investment. Of all current American filmmakers, with the exception of Kubrick, Robert Altman is the most maverick. Spielberg is a director who can cut out, too; **Sugarland Express** showed that. **Jaws** is like a warm-up for him, a nifty piece of gymnastics, an exercise with plenty of opportunity for virtuosity and very little for depth. For Spielberg, **Jaws** is something to move ahead from. In **Nashville**, Altman has arrived and settled. The good thing about the success of **Nashville** is that it may encourage risk from other filmmakers, give everyone a little courage to try the sort of thematic ambition that in American movies is still — perhaps has always been — in short supply.

Movies that mean to entertain merely, and movies that mean to do more, ought to balance out evenly, although in fact everything is weighted in favor of plain good times. There will always be more movies that want to be **Jaws** than **Nashville**, and, for the time being, American movies are gearing up for heavy recreation. It's a truism of the industry that production runs in cycles: five years or so of super-colossal productions and large-scale entertainments taper off into a few years of more financially modest but thematically risky filmmaking. A producer was telling me recently that danger signs are already beginning to show: actors are getting too much money. This isn't just a business consideration. When one company can offer Steve McQueen two million bucks, flat, to be in a movie, and when Fox can shell out one and a quarter million for Gene Hackman, the whole budget becomes colossally inflated, the films themselves become bloated, as if to match the actor's wages, and have to make more money back at the box office. If the movies cost more, then the people who back them want more insurance for their investment, which usually means the alleged stability of a pre-success like a book or, less frequently these days, a play. Meantime, audiences are getting dragged by the unwieldiness of these big-bucks productions, and an **Easy Rider** comes sneaking along. Well, it ought to take another few years to change round again. Right now, **Nashville** and **Jaws** make for good extremes and excellent alternatives.

*Jay Cocks*

*Jay Cocks, born in the Bronx, reviews film for* Time *magazine and is a regular* Take One *contributor.*

# Letter from Cannes

**Plain Speaking**

The movies at Cannes this year were on the whole pretty good, but sometimes the press conferences were more rewarding, at least from a journalistic point of view. There was the reappearance, for instance, of Jean-Luc Godard, not seen in Cannes since May '68, when he helped trigger the premature shutdown. In fact, outside Grenoble, where he is based nowadays, little has been heard of Godard since his motorcycle accident shortly after **Tout Va Bien** was released in 1972.

Flanked by his producers, Georges de Beauregard and Gerard Beytout, Godard announced to the packed conference room in the Carlton Hotel, "I'm here to do my job," i.e., plug his new movie, **A Bout de Souffle Numero Deux**, a remake of the film that launched his career. We were then treated to a virtual 80-minute monologue by Godard, punctuated by the occasional question or comment from the assembled reporters and cinéastes.

It was a brilliant performance — "brilliant," in the words of an Aldous Huxley character, "as a flash of false teeth." Godard, like Marshall McLuhan, gives the impression of continually improvising. What counts is to create an immediate effect, preferably by paradox. Thus, explaining why in a recent interview he had casually referred to journalists as "criminals," Godard said:

"For me, a criminal is not the Palestinian who throws a grenade into a Tel Aviv cinema or the Israeli who shoots him down, but the journalist who reports the incident in the conventional manner. They never dare to use the word 'I'."

The questions were for the most part friendly to the point of deference, except when a reporter asked, in English: "If you lived in East Germany or Czechoslovakia—"

Godard cut him off, replying, also in English, that he didn't answer questions beginning with the word 'if'.

"'If' isn't a real question," he said. "It's dreaming without the power of dreaming. It's pornography."

Another reporter told him: "You have given us so much."

"I haven't given you anything," Godard replied. "It's not me who invented Godard." He gestured toward his audience. "It's you."

Godard still talks a good revolution, and I was tempted to ask him why he had chosen an ultra-bourgeois venue like the Carlton to launch his comeback. But in that hero-worshipping *ambiance*, I might have been lynched.

The best show at a press conference, however, was Joseph Losey's. It happened one Monday evening, with only a relative handful of reporters around to see it. Losey's **Galileo** had just been screened in the newly-created "Les Yeux Fertiles" section, devoted to filmed stage productions, and there had been a number of walkouts. I presume this was because the movie did not have French subtitles. Personally, and I am no Losey fan, I thought **Galileo** was superb.

It was Losey's **The Romantic Englishwoman**, screened that morning out of competition, which was the real crowd-pleaser, and drew probably the largest number of journalists seen at any of this year's press conferences. Losey and his team, who included Michael Caine and Helmut Berger, arrived 20 minutes late, but nobody, of course, got up and bitched about being kept waiting.

Questions were slow in coming — some reporters wanted to get away for lunch and be back in time for the afternoon competition movie — and Losey remarked: "I've never had a press conference as dead as this. Looks like the film is a failure."

There were cries of "No!", and the festival official running the press conference explained: "Questions are very serious this year."

Six hours later, at the **Galileo** press conference, Losey started off by asking how many of us had been there in the morning. A few hands went up.

"I have been coming to Cannes for six consecutive years," Losey said, slowly and deliberately, "and occasionally for some years before. I have never experienced such a stupid, useless press conference as this morning.

"If we're serious, then we'll talk seriously, and **Galileo** was very serious for me. I have waited for thirty years to make a film of the play."

He was referring to his involvement in the original American stage production of *Galileo*. This starred Charles Laughton, who also translated Brecht's play. The film, starring Topol, was produced by Ely Landau's American Film Theatre, which Losey proceeded to attack:

"The American Film Theatre unfortunately didn't feel it could spend another five hundred pounds" — Losey, remember, has been living in England — "to bring Topol over to Cannes and to have the film subtitled."

He blasted "the stupidity of producers who will get directors like me to do a film practically for nothing, and then won't spend a few more pounds to get people into the theatre."

Losey, a lumberjack of a man confirming, in his mid-sixties, the theory that artists stay youthful longer than ordinary folk, seemed to be in a mood of combined anger and euphoria. He was furious with the AFT, but delighted that his harebrained project to film Proust looked like being realised, presumably because of the hit just scored by **The Romantic Englishwoman**.

"Two weeks ago," Losey said to a reporter who asked him about his Proust movie, "I'd have told you it was dead, but as of this morning I'd say it was definitely on again."

Before we reached that particular point, however, a less mellow Losey had given us his views on Charles Laughton and Orson Welles.

"I was violently attacked by Laughton's widow (Elsa Lanchester) recently for something I said about Laughton, so I welcome this opportunity to correct any wrong impression." Dramatic pause. "Laughton was a son of a bitch."

When the laughter, some of it a little uneasy, had stopped, Losey added: "But he was also a genius. So if I attacked Laughton for his personal weaknesses, it was not an attack on his artistry. Brecht said to me once: 'Don't make the mistake of confusing character with talent.'

"Oh, come on!" Losey exclaimed. "Orson Welles may or may not be a genius, but he is a fucking awful actor."

Laughton was a marvelous gracious man and a shit at the same time."

The only reason he had attacked Laughton, he said, was because Laughton "failed to support Brecht when he needed it." Laughton, it seems, had not sent a condolence telegram to East Germany when Brecht died, but Losey did not explain how this would have helped Brecht.

Losey then defended Topol against criticism that had been levelled against his performance.

"Who else could have done as well?" he asked.

"Orson Welles," somebody suggested.

"Oh, come on!" Losey exclaimed. "Orson Welles may or may not be a genius, but he is a fucking awful actor. Also, I could never work with him."

Topol, in fact, had come to him and said: "I will pay you to play the part."

AFT Senior Vice-President Norman Katz, who had been arguing amiably with Losey from the sidelines, interjected that Topol could in that case have paid his own plane fare to Cannes.

"Landau is a schmuck," Losey insisted.

"You're not going to print that, are you?" Mr Katz asked this reporter afterward, when I went to check his identity. "It's a very one-sided comment."

It sure was. But amid all the sycophancy and lying at Cannes, it was nice to hear a little plain speaking.

As for the actual movies (let's skip the bombings), I achieved the reporter's nightmare of missing completely the film that won the Palme d'Or, the Algerian **Chronique des Années de Braise**. This was not, I hasten to add, because of any anti-Arab prejudice. The morning Lakhdar Hamina's film was being screened, I was changing hotels, and the festival is so structured that if you miss out on a film, you can only catch up on it at the risk of missing another equally as good, or bad. What I did get to see, in the Official Section, included:

**Un Divorce Heureux**. Denmark. (Dir. Henning Carlsen). We tend to think of present-day Scandinavian cinema as exclusively Swedish, which is unfair to someone like Carlsen. **Un Divorce Heureux** is no masterpiece, but it is still a better movie than, say, **Scenes From a Marriage**. Any film that ends with a man sitting down at the piano to play "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" has got to have its heart in the right place.

**For Electra**. Hungary. (Dir. Miklos Jancso). Only minor Jancso, as he admits himself, but I'll take a minor work by Jancso any day over a major one by Fellini. Another thing I like about Jancso is that he talks sense at press conferences, even if, for obvious reasons, he has to choose his words. Reproved by one journalist for contradicting something he had said in Cannes a few years earlier, Jancso replied: "Never believe what you are told, but what you see."

**Lotte in Weimar**. East Germany. (Dir. Egon Guenther). Guenther's press conference degenerated into Free World v. Communism political bickering, with Guenther revealing himself as a hardline "anti-fascist," to adopt the euphemism, but he has made one of the loveliest-looking movies since **Elvira Madigan**. Lilli Palmer, as Goethe's old flame Charlotte Buff, turns in a heartbreaker of a performance that should have won her the best actress award.

**Jeder Fuer Sich und Gott Gegen Alle**. West Germany. (Dir. Werner Herzog). This is Herzog's account of the 19th-century German foundling Kasper Hauser. It went down big with the French, always pushovers for a noble savage. Certainly it's a nice enough film, but I shan't rush to see it again. Herzog was the big winner at Cannes this year, picking up the Jury Special Grand Prix, the Ecumenical Jury prize, and an International Critics (FIPRESCI) award.

**They Fought For Their Country**. Soviet Union. (Dir. Sergei Bondarchuk). I arrived late for this, but it still struck me as one of the most effective war films I have seen. The only honest way to treat the subject of men in battle is to adopt the sledgehammer approach, and Bondarchuk does just that. The film's main character, the standard indestructible infantryman, is played by writer-director Vasily Shukshin, who died suddenly last year at the age of 45. "He fell asleep," Bondarchuk said at his press conference, "and didn't wake up." He went on with the usual bit about the artist being survived by his work, but he seemed sincere. Shukshin's **The Red Snowball**, which caused something of a controversy in the Soviet Union, was screened in the film market, but I unfortunately missed it. Likewise with Wajda's **The Promised Land**, which some critics praised highly.

Critics Week unearthed a couple of promising newcomers, the American Joan Micklin Silver and the Swiss Rolf Lyssy. Both gave us films with Jewish themes. Miss Silver's **Hester Street** is a fiction film about New York East Side Jews in the 1890s, and it's a real charmer. Lyssy, a former cameraman who has worked with Alain Tanner, presented, in **Confrontation**, the story surrounding the assassination in 1936 of the chief of the Swiss Nazi Party. The assassin, a Yugoslav Jew named David Frankfurter, was freed from jail at the end of the Second World War. He lives these days in Israel. The film's cool approach and sharp political insight reminded me of Marco Leto's admirable **Black Holiday**.

Directors Fortnight, the parallel festival inaugurated in 1969 as an outcome of the May '68 *contestation*, succumbed this year to the Establishment embrace. Its opening film, the Taviani brothers' **Allonsanfan**, had an invitation-only premiere attended by two government ministers — Michel Guy (Culture) and Françoise Giroud (Women's Affairs). Not coincidentally, perhaps, the films I saw in this section were generally disappointing. For example:

**Faustrecht der Freiheit**. West Germany. (Dir. Rainer Werner Fassbinder). **Petra von Kant** in drag — a young working-class homosexual (Fassbinder) comes into a fortune, is taken up by a worthless young bourgeois, bled dry, and then shown the door. Naturally, he commits suicide. It's a cold film, dominated by a mood of sophomoric pessimism. But if you've ever wondered what Fassbinder looks like stark naked, you're in for a treat.

**Das Rueckendekollete (The Low-Cut Dress)**. Switzerland / West Germany. (Dir. Jan Nemec). Nemec's first film since 1969 was for me, and I hope others, the most keenly-awaited film of the festival. I miss Czechoslovak movies. Some, at least, had a low-key Shakespearean quality: they enhanced the sense of one's own humanity. Having said that, I should add that I prefer the plain-style Czechoslovak directors to the fancy ones, and Nemec's new film has too many Chytilova-like arabesques for my personal taste. As with **The Party and the Guests**, it's a political parable, this time set in 1936, with Nazism as a metaphor for Stalinism. At one point, for instance, we see a portrait of Hitler in closeup and hear offscreen the strains of "The Internationale." Rather crude, and even unfair — Stalin didn't own the copyright to "The Internationale" — but at least it's one of the few places in the film where Nemec makes himself clear.

"Why can't he say it straight out?" a friend complained afterward. It's difficult, I suppose, for East European directors to chuck the habit of making political points in an oblique, devious fashion, and Nemec had only left Czechoslovakia 10 months earlier.

There had been reports that political pressures had wrecked his health, but at his brief press conference after the premiere he looked in good shape, and talked, in English, about his plans to film Kafka's *Metamorphoses* for West German television.

Someone asked him if he had thought of going back to Czechoslovakia.

"There are thirty directors there without the possibility of work," Nemec said, "and I don't want to be the thirty-first."

*Geoffrey Minish*

# Letter from New York

**Maximum minimal differences**

The films of Victor Grauer and Peter Gidal are both similar inasmuch as they work in a minimal or structural style. There the similarity ends — Victor Grauer is working creatively towards well thought-out ends while Peter Gidal is an inept doodler without any sign of creative imagination, but plenty of pretentions. If I seem overly harsh it is only because Gidal's work is typically representative of the pathetic vacuousness of certain works included in the minimal-structuralist camp. To call it 'avant garde' is absurd. The direction is more towards simple-mindedness and regression.

The two films of Gidal's that I saw were **Film Print** and **Room Film 1973**. Both were "eyeball" films: shot supposedly the way the eye and the mind would attempt to perceive the world as if it had never been seen before. The concept is fine, but this particular eye or mind's perception of the scene is on a most retarded level. The jerkily hand-held camera scans a series of dull photographs on a wall. Photos of a room, hanging in a room.Gidal's approach of focusing, refocusing, zooming and panning without discipline or intelligence is another way of revealing how

little he understands the camera except on the most crude and amateurish level. Amongst other things, filmmaking is a craft. To deny this aspect of it is to be blind to its potential. Nowhere in **Film Print** does the camera actually examine and perceive anything, it merely seems bored to death. This kind of dead-end filmmaking is the antithesis of Gidal's own claims... "to deal with consciousness and perception, with the inexpressable and sayable... not with content". In trying to deny the content, the poverty of his image-making becomes even more pronounced. You cannot deny content in film. As long as you are photographing something you have content. A finished film projected on a screen is no longer the process of searching, it ought to be a statement.

The films of Victor Grauer that I saw were **Angel Eyes, Seraph, Dark on Dark, Passage** and **Book of the Year Three Thousand.** Although both **Angel Eyes** and **Seraph** are 'flicker' type films and may not be particularly original in concept, they are quite successful. **Angel Eyes** uses mathematically-cut rhythm changes to achieve a flickering effect. There is no image except for various pure colors. At moments during the film's projection the densest colors seem to float in space in front of the screen. After-images cause some of the colors to bounce. In **Seraph**, the flicker rhythm is regular and takes off like a rocket. At the opening of the program there is a warning to the effect that these films might trigger epileptic seizures. Well, that didn't happen to me, but I found myself literally going cross-eyed. The visual stroboscopic effects were very exhilarating — red and white and green repeating in a loop.

In **Dark on Dark**, Grauer tries to eliminate the awareness of the film frame. He states, "One way of doing this is to use 16mm magnetic tape, the only truly opaque substance I know of that will pass through a projector. **Dark on Dark** is a first, rather tentative step, involving scratches made directly in the film. A by-product of this technique is the extremely powerful afterimage effect that appears if the film is projected in total darkness." The after-image effects are startling. The after-images linger in the jet-black space in the form of bright glowing color. The scratched-out areas are dazzlingly bright, with the images seeming to float in space because the eye cannot distinguish the screen location.

In **Passage**, Grauer attached pieces of super-8 film to the dense black magnetic tape. These pieces showed through holes punched in the tape. Like **Dark on Dark**, the brightness of the cut-out images is very strong... so strong that at times one is not sure whether one is seeing a real image or if it is merely the after-image. The echo is as strong as its source, it takes off and seems to float around the room.

For myself, Grauer's final film was the most individual and experimentally creative of them all. **Book of the Year Three Thousand** was made in 1974. The work is based on an incantatory epic poem that he began in 1972. The film reflects everything that he has been involved with in his previous films and he uses this knowledge in a highly personal and non-mechanical way. No matter how well the previous type of 'flicker' film is done, they essentially remain machine-like and impersonal. In **Book**, Grauer extends his vision to encompass much more. Grauer's voice repeats, over and over, a series of fragmented poetic phrases while a few images (flicker of flame, etc.) appear on dark backgrounds at various intervals. The most interesting thing to me about the film are those sections where his words and film-flicker technique are synchronized in perfect harmony. The only other filmmaker I know who has adapted a flicker technique to something much more ambitious than an end in itself and has used imagery towards these ends is Chris Eckhoff, who shoots everything he sees in single-frame rhythms of a highly sophisticated and complex nature. In Grauer's film, the flickers are in sync with phrases as well as individual pronunciations, and certain colors with certain words. At times the flickering light has no accompanying words and we seem to 'read' sounds into them. Farther on into the film, cloud formations appear over complete silence. Sometimes printed words appear on the screen in the midst of flickering light while other words are spoken on the track. The totality of the experience is a kind of wrap-around poem. Every diverse element of voice, image, non-image, flicker and pause are unified into a whole. There is no sense of the image being an illustrated background for the spoken word, or the words merely there to add sound to the images. None of the parts exist by themselves, everything is interwoven to produce a strong and hypnotic unity.

*Bob Cowan*

# Notes from the "Actor's Perspective"

**Envoie**

*Mr. Dreyfuss — or "Rick" or "Richard", as he is known to strangers — performed in* ***Dillinger, American Graffiti, The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz,*** *and (most recently)* ***Jaws.*** *He was pressured by the Publisher of* Take One *(Mr. Lebensold — known to his friends as "Peter") to write a column from the "actor's perspective"; which to Mr. Dreyfuss sounded like a lot of masturbatory horseshit. But, because he is well known as a masturbatory horseshitter, Mr. Dreyfuss reluctantly consented — predicated upon billing, financial compensation, usefulness for his future autobiography, etc., etc. Mr. Dreyfuss stopped writing his inaugural column in mid-flight, when circumstances and his next role superceded it in importance.*

*Mr. Lebensold, however (there being a little bit of Duddy in everyone), by coincidence (my ass) running into Mr. Dreyfuss in London, had him finish one sentence and, together, they collaborated on this preface. Mr. Dreyfuss is in London shooting his next feature,* ***Inserts,*** *written and directed by John Byrum (a native of Winnetka, Illinois — the mention of which Mr. Byrum will, more than I can tell you, appreciate).*

*This column may not at first seem to have much to do with the "actor's perspective". However, as Mr. Dreyfuss said as valedictorian of his class in 1962, "this is not an end, but a grand and glorious beginning."*

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*Ed. Note — Written, without apology, under the influence of whatever alcohol BOAC was distributing freely as the 747 — oil spilling into the Atlantic — started its return to Kennedy (perhaps explaining our author's sudden rush towards literary immortality).*

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April 19-20: Written on route to ~~London~~ Kennedy from ~~Kennedy~~ mid-Atlantic. Turn-around. Before that, extreme turbulence knocked my water over, dousing my crotch just overtly enough to look like I did a big wee-wee in 1st Class. Everyone was gracefully sniggering in the opposite direction, except the stewardess, who efficiently shouted, "Sir, you've dropped your water all over the lady behind you." Guilted me out for an act of God. And because it wasn't a deli in New York, I couldn't shout, "No tip!"

That was my departure from New York; my return, I expect, will be no less a drag, not to mention 10 weeks earlier than anticipated.

All right, enough local color and snappy ambiance; I can no longer avoid dealing with the substance of this column. No, wait — Yes, I can. I am terrified. There: I said it and I'm glad. I am terrified. Will I have anything to say, writing a regular column from the actor's perspective? Will I say it well? Will I get in trouble? Am I getting paid enough? Will you all love me? There: I said it and I'm glad.

Will we land OK? — that's also a factor at the moment.

OK, here's the story: I am circuitously on my way to London to do a rather low-budget film about a porno director, called **Inserts**. Got it, buffs? Well, that's all you get for now — about the content. I think the script is dyna-

*Bob Cowan is a prize-winning Canadian filmmaker (**Soul Freeze, Rock Flow, Earth Song,** etc.) now living and working in New York. He is a regular* Take One *contributor, dealing with the independent filmmaking scene.*

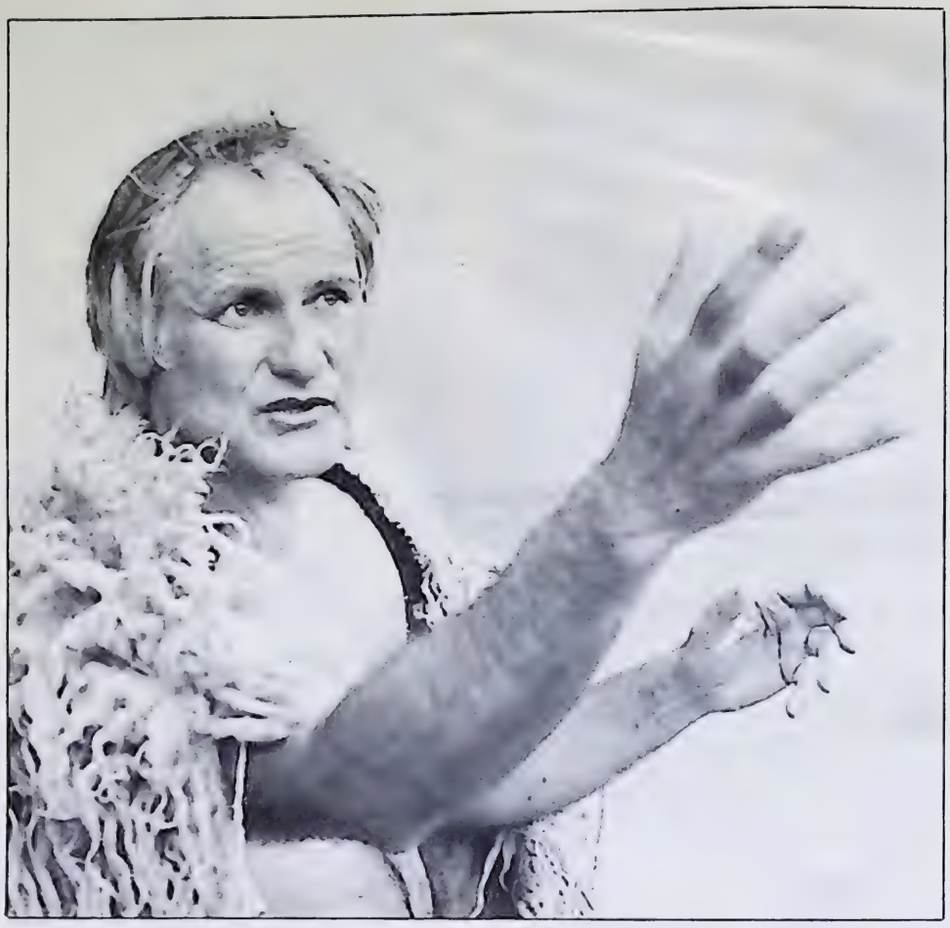
mite and the character I'm to play is absofuckinglutely fascinating to me. And if it goes into profit, I may even make some big bucks, since I own a good chunk. No fool I.

Well, we're landing at Kennedy (so they say) where I can arrange the re-arrangement of my trip — and perhaps establish a little coherence about this first (talk is cheap) piece.

A very large part of me wants to do this column, and not just my egomania, although it's a factor. The truth is actors, at least from my admittedly and obviously subjective point of view, are the most denigrated, patronized, and least respected group of artists around; except perhaps for certain Top 40 singers I've heard rumors about (would make you red in the face, woo-hoo).

And, something else — which pisses me off even more — actors themselves (a great many of them) are self-hating, ashamed, mostly thoughtless, or even guilty about *being* actors. Not only would they gulp at the thought of calling themselves artists, most of them haven't the slightest idea of (a) what it is to be an artist, (b) what it is to be an actor, or (c) what it is to be a human being (which goes along with the rest of the human race, myself excluded).

*Richard Dreyfuss*



PHOTOS: GIDEON BACHMANN

*Miklos Jancso, directing* ***My Love Electra*** *(****For Electra****), shown as part of the Official Program at Cannes this year.*

# Letter from Hungary

**Simple yes, simple no**

"Most Hungarians live abroad. Many, to achieve this status, didn't have to move: the frontiers receded from under them. We've lost more than two-thirds of our territory. We're back where we started in the Middle Ages. Except that in those days there was some point in making a personal effort."

I am talking, in a small village in the middle of Hungary's immense Puszta plains, to a retired farmer. The lingua franca is German. The territory he considers lost is that of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and the effort, which to him, before socialism, seemed more worthwhile, is that of intensive, competitive farming. His granddaughter, who has rented me a room in the family's new, sanitary cottage and with whom I communicate by looking up Hungarian words one by one in her dictionary, laughs. "Miklos is always dissatisfied. He just sits out by the road and waits for the past to return. He has never been out of the village. Do you travel a lot?"

The smile with which she dismisses the older generation is a symbol of the security with which young Hungarians regard the system within which they have grown up and which has formed them more than politically. Having achieved a measure of economic stability since 1956, the generations now approaching power are too young to feel much for the past; as in most developing countries they look to technology and conformity for comfort. They don't want to be special, they want to be like everybody else. That goes for individuals and it goes for the nation. Coveting a Westerner's freedom to travel, as all do, is no longer a search for escape, but a search for equality. Knowing this, the regime has considerably relaxed travel restrictions. Everybody, always, returns.

I had gone to Hungary at the invitation of the state cinema sales organisation, Hungarofilm, to watch Miklos Jancso shoot **My Love Elektra** and to see the films, in concert, upon whose reputation, in the past five years, our notion of a reborn intensity and individuality in Hungarian cinema rests. Jancso's **Round Up** had founded that reputation, in 1966, and his name continues at its centre, but I wanted to see, in the national context, other works and meet other men. Mostly I wanted to understand whether the feeling of a driven, introspective, modernly Mittel-European technological poetry, that seems to characterise the best of the Hungarian films, corresponds to a feeling of the people in the street. How contemporary and how Hungarian are these Hungarian films?

It is impossible, of course, to avoid the temptation to judge films from Eastern Europe in terms of the political system of which they are symptomatic, because in one way or another they inevitably are. Lacing, as we liberally do, that temptation with a good measure of goodwill, our best appreciations of the socialist cinema are often apologies, providing their makers — the young, earnest upstream swimmers of the perennial, and perennially doomed, liberalisation seasons — with as little objectivity as they do our viewers.

Nor is the task of seeking to provide it much enhanced by the framework normally available for the viewing of Eastern films in the West: festivals, rare showings in minority cinemas, film club screenings, and the like. We pick the fruit without knowing the tree or the soil from which it springs. Using our own criteria we inflict our comparisons, calling upon schoolbook knowledge, the news, and our political views to provide the considered substructure. Walking out into an American afternoon fresh with stylised impressions of Hungarian middle class life is just not the same as walking out into that life itself after seeing a local, formalised version of it in a Budapest cinema. The vast dichotomy between reality and its film version can only be perceived by going to Hungary.

The socialist cinematographies seem to take turns in the ray-of-hope sweepstakes; with equal regularity the Czech, Polish and now Hungarian crests rejoin the undertow of socialist realism. Although the term went out with Stalinism,

"Films used to be made to propagate the state; now they are made to avoid attacks on it."

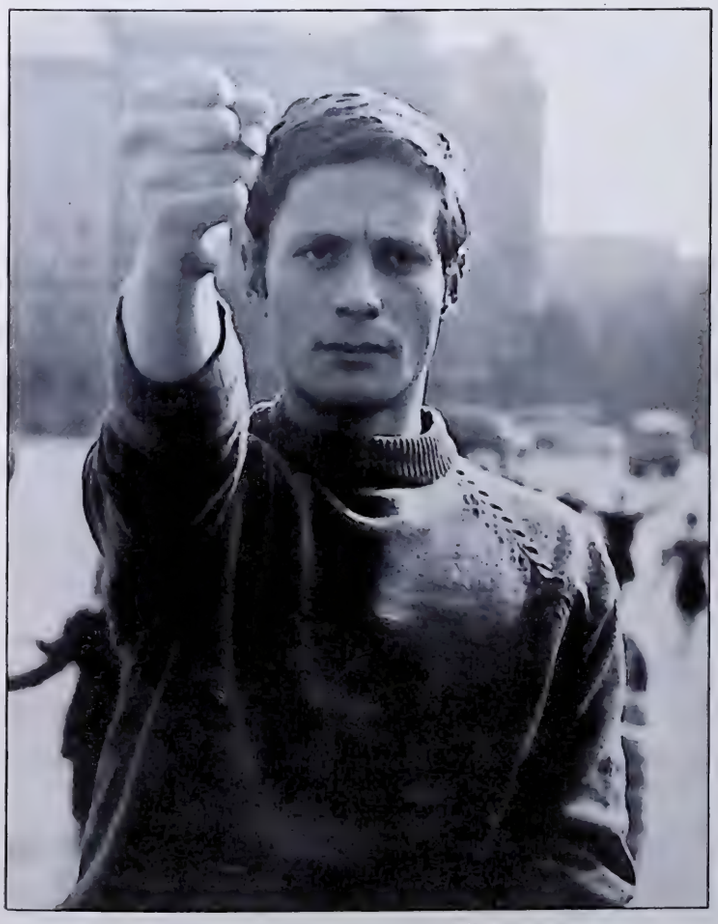
its effects, like those of its mother system, persist. Mitigated by freer forms, more remote subjects and more individualistic orientations, the basic notes played are those of functionalism. The difference is that films used to be made to propagate the state; now they are made to avoid attacks on it.

The function of cinema in this socialist environment is primarily public gratification, and only in second place comes economic benefit. This in itself defines the craft as propaganda, or, as the spokesmen will have it, as "subsidised art". The Hungarian state pays half the cost of every film ticket sold in the country, and in the case of some films the subsidy goes to 100 percent and beyond: not only are some films distributed to cinemas free of charge, but bonuses are paid for obtaining high attendance. **Joe Hill, La Classe Operaia Va in Paradiso, Sacco e Vanzetti, They Shoot Horses Don't They, Solaris, Andrej Rubljov** and Wajda's **Wedding** were all non-Hungarian films that were treated this way. In a country of ten million inhabitants with a less than 10 percent TV saturation, the national film industry comes close to providing the free entertainment often supplied by TV in centralised economies.

As this list shows, no heavy-handedness attaches to this system. The current success in Budapest is **Cabaret**, and even the films Hungary currently produces that deal with problems of a contemporary nature, are not made with purely ideological bias. What remains one-dimensional is the definition of good and bad, and perhaps, from a political point of view, that is ideological enough. But the sincere goal seems to be the taking up of leisure time (the working day, as elsewhere in socialist countries, ends and begins very early) in a way that will maintain viewer interest by providing either escape or identification, with the latter employed as a sort of social cement. I have not seen unemployment on the Hungarian screen, but I have seen inefficiency in the factory (overcome by the dedication of individuals), the disinterest and rootlessness of youths (juxtaposed to peers of greater consciousness), the decline of the agrarian community (but with the non-adaptation to progress seen as neurotic), and interpersonal alienation; in all cases these negative symptoms in the social fabric are treated as exceptions. You are made to feel part of the whole because you're not one of the exceptions.

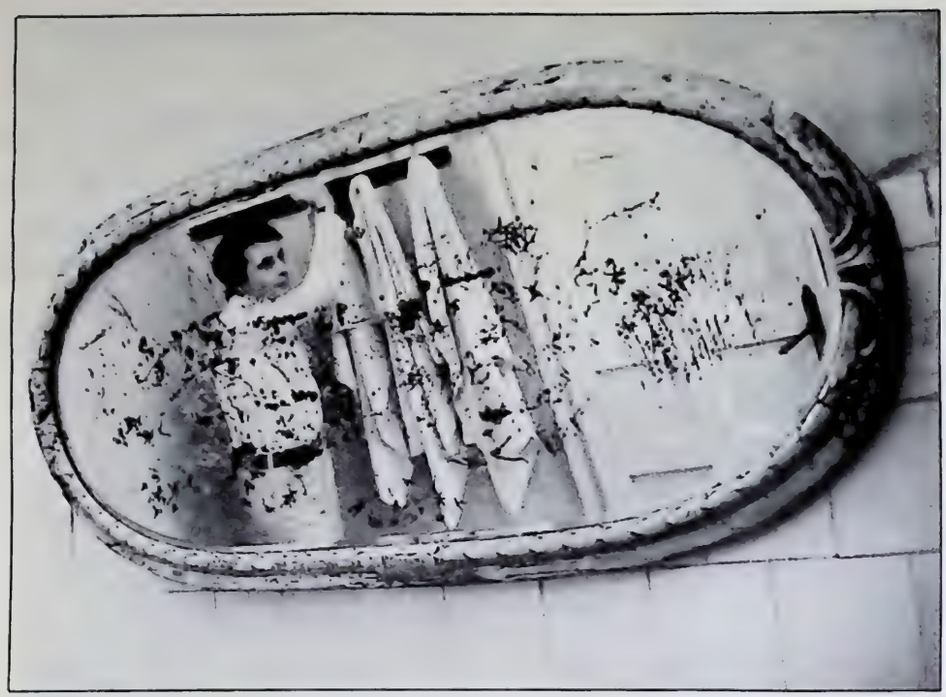
Since the West remains vaguely mythical to a large percentage of Hungarians, particularly of the younger generations, a great deal of effort is made to relate to it in films, both by including sequences filmed abroad in stories of average, contemporary people **(Love Film, Cat's Play)**, or by Westernising approaches and orientation **(Horizon, Age of Daydreaming**, many others), but in all cases paralleling the situations to show that in effect differences are negligible. Extremes are the hommage to Lindsay Anderson by including a section of his **If** in Gabor's **Horizon**, and the abortive attempt by Jancso to make a film in Milan with a mixture of Hungarian and Italian actors **(La Pacifista)**. What most of these films prove, however, is precisely the existence of differences. Just as a Hungarian film creates a different impact when seen in Hungary, so our values appear differently balanced when seen by a Hungarian.

As far as filmmaking itself is concerned, there is no doubt that some of today's greatest craftsmen live and work in Hungary. Miklos Jancso, of course, is practically inventing a new film language, with his most recent film, a version of *Elektra*, just shot in Hungary, consisting of only eight shots, each one elaborately conceived to suscitate — by its flowing movement, its interaction of foreground and backdrop activity, its symbolic colour scheme and realistic sounds, its surprising visual asides and its elimination of literal conventions — entire units of independent, cerebral response. Karoly Makk, on



*Istvan Szabo's* ***Love Film.***

*Karoly Makk's* ***Cat's Play.***



*Istvan Szabo's **25, Fireman's Street**, one of a series of successful films dealing with the intolerances of war.*

the other hand, who paints his films with infinite, pointillistic care, until their poetry tends to spring the bounds of one's attention span (**Cat's Play**, seen in Cannes, is now to be cut by forty minutes to normal cinema length, at the instigation of the director himself), builds his impact in the viewer's heart. Between them, stylistically and perhaps emotionally, the fraught talent of young Istvan Szabo (**Father**, and **25, Fireman's Street**) continues searching for a meaningful expression for the isolation he shares with his countrymen. With Istvan Gaal (**Dead Landscape, The Falcons**) and Pal Zolnay (**Photography**) these directors share a unique sense of precision which is so accurate it becomes, in itself, poetic. It is perhaps this precision of technique and its blending into meaning which most positively characterises today's Hungarian cinema.

Paradoxically, it is this precision which sets Hungarian films apart from the environment from which they spring. Like all abstraction, it represents a way of dealing with reality in an indirect manner. And like all art, it has an artificial dimension. One finds it difficult to escape the fear that these talented directors have been freed to deal with ever decreasing, concentric circles of personal concerns, and that the intense universe they are building applies only relatively to the lives they lead. Often the entire content of a work is expressed in a single sentence, frequently a rebellious one, such as the farmer saying to the revolutionary in Jancso's **Silence and Cry**: "Think twice before you spit, young man. You are moving, but we shall always be here", or when the falcon trainer in Gaal's **Falcons** explains his harshness by stating that individuals need restrictive discipline in order to curb independence, which leads to anarchy. The best films I saw bear a striking resemblance in rhythm, style and content to the films which preceded the fall of Dubcek in Czechoslovakia. There the names were Passer (**Intimate Lighting**), Schorm (a number of films, all dealing with outsiders), Nemec (**Party and the Guests**), Chytilova (**Daisies**) and Jires (**Cry**); I remember telling Vojtech Jasny (another Czech director, now living in Austria) under the cherry trees in his Prague garden, only 10 days before the Russian invasion, that it didn't seem to me the Spring could last. There, too, the films had been intimate, precise, poetic and personal.

Hungary makes up to 20 feature films a year. It has a concentrated urban population of 2½ million — a quarter of the country's total. There are 1000 35mm cinemas, plus 3000 16mm projection situations, mostly provincial and travelling screening facilities. Average attendance is 7½ films per year, which probably means that the peak age group of moviegoers sees a film at least every second week. Two-thirds of the cost of every feature produced is paid directly by the state, one third comes from internal and international distribution. There is, of course, no private production, practically no co-production, and for an individual to reach the position of being able to make a film he must pass all the schools, selections, competitions, and slow confidence-building of the regime. There is an excellent film school, and recently an experimental production group has begun turning out social and artistic documentaries of considerable merit. The public is immensely film-conscious, four fairly simplistic fan magazines compete. An intellectual community, exposed to foreign films in Budapest, maintains a high average film culture, although the one magazine that publishes serious analysis is of course hierarchically controlled.

Despite its awareness and the quality of its products, the Hungarian film world is thus a fairly tightly structured, self-propelled industrial-cultural compound of sociological and economic factors, built up over the years to meet specific needs in a society whose functioning mechanism and the values upon which they are based were created artificially less than thirty years ago, usurping the established behaviour and judgement of a series of generations, of whom a part still form a respectable portion of the film public. Possibly it is these older people to whom the films of Makk, Szabo and Mariassy appeal, with their insistence on the intransigent values of humanism. Similarly, it is the interim age group of former partisans and war veterans to whom another range of films is addressed: films that deal specifically with the Second World War and the forms of intolerance it entailed. This is a large group of films, and each year sees the production of a few, with some, like **Cold Days** and **25, Fireman's Street**, obtaining great international acclaim. But these, of course, are again films of the simple yes and the simple no: films about subjects like guilt, fear, cruelty, compassion and nostalgia, concepts of unilateral meaning. What one really misses is an active, engaged, contemporary cinema, dealing with the ambivalences inherent in the ruling political order, but made by the generation actually in power in Hungary, a cinema, perhaps, of less artistic perfection but of more immediate application. Such a cinema, which could perhaps grow out of the generation now at the experimental studio (named after Bela Balasz, the Lukacs of Hungarian film criticism), if it were to be given the freedom to develop, could explode some of the myths and polish off some of the patina now attaching to Hungarian films.

*Gideon Bachmann*

**Author's note:** Deliberately omitted from this report are more detailed descriptions of the films not yet seen in America, and greater emphasis on the work of Miklos Jancso, to whose work a separate study will be dedicated.

# Overlooked and Underrated

*As the name of this column suggests, this is an opportunity for you — the reader*

*Frequent contributor Gideon Bachmann (1) has made a number of films for TV, including **Underground New York** (1968), **Ciao Federico** (1970), and **Burton** (1973); (2) free-lances regularly for such publications as The Times (London), Messaggero (Rome), Spiegel (Hamburg) and Sight & Sound (London); (3) is a regular correspondent for the national television networks of Britain, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Switzerland; (4) used to be president of the American Federation of Film Societies; (5) has lectured at more than 30 American, Canadian, British, Italian, and other universities; (6) claims to be finishing a book on glass beads. Now, we don't want to hear any more questions.*

*— to plug films that (in your opinion) have been unjustly neglected. Send your (typed) comments to Take One, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Canada.*

**The Christian Licorice Store.** Dir. James Frawley. Frawley's first feature is rarer to see than **Kid Blue** ever was. The film is about a young tennis star's rise and fall. Written by Floyd Mutrux, the examination of Hollywood ugliness resembles Mutrux's **Dusty and Sweets McGee.** Beau Bridges is O.K. in the lead, but the real star of this film is Jean Renoir, though his scene is short, and the great filmmaker does little more than give advice on love. **The Christian Licorice Store** is not that good, but it is worth seeing for the magnificent old man.

*Peter Nellhaus*

**Triple Echo.** Dir. Michael Apted. This film has a claustrophobic intensity to it, more resembling D.H. Lawrence than H.P. Bates, from whose novel it has been adapted. A young deserter (Brian Deacon) during World War II takes refuge with war 'widow' Glenda Jackson, who at first repulses him from, and then welcomes him into, her bed. To keep their secret he must masquerade as her sister, a role he finds tantalizing and enjoyable, until he (she) catches the eye of a brutish sergeant, Oliver Reed. Director Apted draws a complex portrait of sexuality in transition. The young man spends his afternoons doing his hair and nails, becoming more feminine in response to Glenda Jackson's self-sufficient manliness. Ms. Jackson is more withdrawn than usual in her typical bitchy Englishwoman role, but she gets excellent counterpoint from an even nastier Oliver Reed. The violent conclusion seems inevitable, and one wishes Apted had given his characters more leeway in avoiding clichés. Despite its minor flaws, **Triple Echo** is more than a bizarre sexual amusement taken to extremes. It brings into closer focus the shadowy world, rarely seen on film, where male and female can become one and the same.

*Dale Pollock*

# Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

Peter Ustinov once referred contemptuously to "the belly dance of commercial advertising", which made it all the sadder to see (and hear) him extoll the merits of Gallo wines so rhapsodically in the commercials during this year's telecast of the Academy awards. "Alas, alas, that great city, Babylon, that mighty city!" Hollywood draws everything down to its level.

They gave their annual Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award again this year but how many in the audience thought at that moment of the director who gave Hersholt his first big chance and put him on the cinematic map so others could find him! Erich von Stroheim, who cast him as Marcus in **Greed.**

Reprinted from *Variety*: *"Remembering the Gods and Demi-Gods* is the title of veteran Austro-Hungarian director Geza von Cziffra's recently published memoirs that rather indiscreetly describe encounters with celebrities such as Greta Garbo (in Berlin, where she stood stark naked in Mauritz Stiller's hotel room when von Cziffra forgot to knock before entering.)" Exactly what you'd expect of the director of crap German movies for the Nazis and afterwards.

Seeing the fetching Shirley Maclaine as mistress of ceremonies at the Academy Awards made me think what directors like Mal St Clair, Harry d'Arrast and Lubitsch could have done with her — or Chaplin at his peak. (Dare I even intimate what might have been vouchsafed us if it would have been possible for von Stroheim to have directed her in a film?)

We're flying high now (too high), so I'll get down to earth again...

Good old Jeannie Macpherson, who was De Mille's special scenarist, anticipated some of the same sort of "touches" Lubitsch's own pet scenarist, Hans Kraly, suggested to the Sultan of Satire, as witness the several sprinkled (though sparsely vs. Kraly's prodigious shower of them) through C.B.'s **Forbidden Fruit**, surely the arch-typical movie soap-opera of all time (not only "everything but the kitchen sink", this time, but *also* the kitchen sink, literally). All the same, it starts like Lubitsch's **Lady Windermere's Fan** starts, and Agnes Ayres' plebian confrontation with five forks at a formal dinner did, indeed, tickle the future director of **The Marriage Circle** when he first saw it, he said.

The new Antonioni, **The Passenger**, was for me, despite all the hosannas heaped upon it by the critics as another breakthrough in screen subtlety, a bore of all but stupefying dimensions. (The Antonioni up to 1957, especially the director of **L'Amiche** and **Il Grido**, not to mention his early short documentaries, was a sensitive young man with a fine, keen intelligence, but since **L'Avventura** (1960) he has, for me, gone off the deep end and either he's lost me or I've lost him. I don't know what he's talking about, anymore.)

**The Day of the Locust** is another kettle of fish, to be sure. It is impossible not to know what Nathaniel West (on whose novel the film is based) was talking about: he was indicting not only Hollywood but the human race. Just as the novel was one of the most violently pessimistic, so is the movie — unconscionably so, in fact, which does not reflect to the credit of director John Schlesinger, for a film that makes you turn away from the screen, whatever it is trying to say, lacks that cinematic knowledge which knows how to say everything in a way that would make turning away from the screen unthinkable. Schlesinger, like so many others, has let the current "permissiveness" direct his film, for the sake of the myriads of yahoos who will gloat over an unprecedently pictured cock-fight in it, the same way they will gloat over the briefly pictured fornication and other such grubbiness (all of which is beside the point the story is making). Indeed, the one plus factor in Antonioni's **The Passenger** for me was the fact that, whatever it was that he was saying, he did not feel it necessary to get slovenly about it to win over the oafs who seem to constitute the bulk of those who go to the movies and whose word of mouth recommendations are apparently necessary for a film to be a success... like Fellini, for instance, has so successfully been doing and, as a result, will no doubt continue to do. And yet there was a time when I liked him, too — the early Fellini of **Luci del Varieta**, **The White Sheik**, **I Vitelloni** and **La Strada** (between 1950 and 1954). There was a fresh voice, wry humor trying to laugh away the life-hurt — and none of the tarradiddle that infected his work from **La Dolce Vita** on, that (what Wilde called) "dissolving one's soul in debauchery" with which he larded his later films...

Better than any of the films I have seen recently was the memory of Jean Harlow in **Red Dust** reading a bedtime story to Clark Gable (after he's had a hard day's work) about a chipmunk and a rabbit.

Or the story I heard about the young officer, returned from the wars, who, when asked to describe what the battle was like, replied, "My dear, the noise! And the *people*!"

Sylvia Beach in her autobiography, *Shakespeare & Co.*, says that Eisenstein would have liked to make a film of *Ulysses* and had conversations with Joyce about it but he had too much respect for the text to sacrifice it for the sake of a picture.

Did you know that Joyce once managed a movie theatre in Dublin?

And that Alexander Tansman, the distinguished Polish composer, dedicated his Second Piano Concerto to Chaplin?

And that Chaplin shot 400,000 feet on **The Kid** in order to get the 6000 feet he wanted? (30,000 feet on the now classic blanket scene in the flop house alone.)

"For those whom life has cheated," said the Russian poet, Moravsky, of the movies, "open the electric paradise!"

*Herman G. Weinberg*

*Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for* Sight & Sound *as well as* Cahiers du Cinéma *and published several books on the cinema, the most recent of which,* The Complete Wedding March *(Little, Brown), is reviewed in this issue.*

# A 16 mm Booker's Guide to Sources of Films Mentioned in this Issue

**The Age of Daydreaming (The Age of Illusion).** US:MAB.
**American Graffiti.** UNI.
**Anatomy of a Murder.** CAN:AST. US:CMH, MAB.
**The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.** CAN:AST. US:FI.
**L'Avventura.** CAN:NCE. US:JAN.
**Badlands.** WB.
**Beau Geste.** UNI.
**The Birthday Party.** CAN:MMP. US:EYR.
**Bonnie and Clyde.** WB.
**The Bridge on the River Kwai.** CAN:AST. US:CMH, MAB, SWK.
**The Christian Licorice Store.** CAN:AST.
**Contempt (Le Mépris).** CAN:IFD* US:MAB.
**The Day of the Locust.** CAN:PAR* US:FI*
**Dead Landscape (Holt Vidék).** CAN:FAR.
**Dillinger.** CAN:AST. US:HCW.
**La Dolce Vita.** US:MAB.
**Duel.** UNI.
**Dusty and Sweets McGee.** WB*
**The Falcons (Magasiskola).** CAN.FAR.
**The Father (Apa).** CAN:MMP. US:STE.
**Force of Arms.** WB.
**French Connection II.** CAN:BEL* US:FI*
**From Here to Eternity.** CAN:AST. US:CMH, MAB.
**The Getaway.** WB.
**The Godfather.** CAN:PAR. US:FI.
**The Graduate.** CAN:IFD. US:AEP, MAB.
**The Great Ziegfeld.** CAN:KEN* US:FI.
**Greed.** CAN:BEL. US:FI.
**Il Grido (The Outcry).** US:CMH.
**The Heartbreak Kid.** CAN:BEL. US:FI.
**In Cold Blood.** CAN.AST. US:SWK.
**Jaws.** UNI*
**Kid Blue.** CAN:BEL* US:FI.
**King of Kings.** CAN:BEL. US:FI.
**Law and Order.** UNI.
**The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean.** WB.
**The Lost World.** CAN:BEL* US.FI, SWK.
**A Love Film (Szerelmesfilm).** CAN:FAR*
**M.A.S.H.** CAN:BEL. US:FI.
**Nashville.** CAN:PAR* US:FI*
**Naughty Marietta.** CAN:BEL. US:FI.
**Night Moves.** WB*
**The Passenger (Profession Reporter).** UA*
**Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid.** CAN:BEL. US:FI.
**A Place in the Sun.** CAN:PAR* US:FI.
**The Professionals.** CAN:AST* US:MAB, SWK.
**Red Dust.** US:FI.
**Return of the Pink Panther.** UA*
**The Round-Up (Szegenylegenyek).** CAN:FAR. US:MAB.
**Serpico.** CAN:PAR. US:FI.
**Silence and Cry (Csend ed Kialtas).** CAN:MMP. US:MAB.
**Sugarland Express.** UNI.
**Thieves Like Us.** UA.
**The Thin Man.** US:FI.
**Three Into Two Won't Go.** UNI.
**Titanic.** CAN.BEL. US:FI.
**Triple Echo.** CAN:AST.
**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** WB.
**The Wild Bunch.** WB.
**The Wind and the Lion.** CAN:BEL* US:FI*
**Words and Music.** CAN:BEL. US:FI.

**Additions and Corrections**
**Shakespeare Wallah.** RAD.

* 16mm prints may not be available currently. While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, *Take One* cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any misinformation given. We will be happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

**AEP.** Avco Embassy Pictures, 1301 Ave of the Americas, NYC 10019.
**AST.** Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7
**BEL.** BelleVue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria Street, Toronto 2, Ont.
**CMH.** Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill, Princeton Road, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.
**EYR.** EYR Programs, 45 West 45th Street, NYC 10036.
**FAR.** Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St. E., Montreal 127.
**FI.** Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091.
**HCW.** Hurlock Cine World, 13 Arcadia Rd., Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870.
**IFD.** International Film Distributors, 20 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5, Ont.
**JAN.** Janus Films, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10022.
**KEN.** Ken Films, 555 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Toronto
**MAB.** MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550
**MMP.** Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Road E., Port Credit, Ont.
**NCE.** New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
**PAR.** Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
**STE.** Sterling Educational Films, 241 East 34th St., NYC 10016
**SWK.** Swank Motion Pictures, 201 South Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63166.
**UA.** United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. and 729 7th Ave., NYC 10019
**UNI.** Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
**WB.** Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont. and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.

# BOOK NEWS

Samuel Fuller's own novelization of his **Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street** is now available in paperback from Pyramid. We've been unable to see the film itself (the novel will presumably get wider distribution) but can report that the book (at least) pays homage to some of the film critics who have shown appreciation for Fuller's work. It includes characters named Dr. Bogdanovich, and Mr. Garnham, and one of the villain's gang is reported to be "on holiday in Scotland visiting friends. Barbara and Murray Grigor, Inverkeithing, Firth of Forth, Fife" (The Grigors have long been associated with the Edinburgh Film Festival).

**Inalienable Rights:** Paul (**Reed: Insurgent Mexico**) Leduc has bought Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, to bring it to the screen. ... Steve Krantz has closed a deal with Stan Lee that will see Spider Man brought to the screen in a big-budget, live-action feature. ... Apropos our last issue, Donald Westlake's novel, *Help I'm Being Held Prisoner*, is to be turned into film (for Warner Bros.) by Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts. ... Production is scheduled to begin in September on Paramount's adaptation of Hemingway's *Islands in the Stream*, Franklin Schaffner directing George C. Scott. ... Twentieth Century-Fox, for its part, has announced a motion picture version of the upcoming biography, *Tom Mix Died for Your Sins*. ... Paramount has also announced an adaptation of Dashiell Hammett's mid-thirties short story, *This King Business*. ... Albert (**The Godfather, The Longest Yard**) Ruddy has announced the "acquisition" (for "over half a million dollars") of *Cry Macho*, a just-published first novel by veteran screenwriter N. Richard Nash. ... Sir Lew Grade, meanwhile, has paid Frederick Forsyth a tidy $150,000 (plus a percentage of the gross) for **No Alternative**, the author's first movie original. ... Blake (**Return of the Pink Panther**) Edwards will himself adapt the screenplay for Alfred Coppel's suspense novel, *34 East*. ... Ellen Burstyn has bought film rights to *The Silence of the North* and apparently plans to play the heroine (who survived a winter in the subarctic) herself. ...Fred (**High Noon, Day of the Jackal**) Zinnemann will produce and direct **The French Lieutenant's Woman**, based on the John Fowles novel. (The book was earlier reported to be filmed by, first, Franklin Schaffner and, later, David Wolper.) ... UA will release the motion picture version of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, *Bound for Glory*, screenplay to be written by Robert (**Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**) Getchell. ... Film rights to Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa* have been sold to Columbia, while Claude Chabrol has bought her *The Angelic Avengers*. ... Paramount has shelled out $200,000 to Judith Rossner to make a screen version of her *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. ... Elliot Kastner has announced plans to film Robertson Davies' *Fifth Business*, some five years after it was first published.

# REVIEWS

***The Complete "Wedding March" of Erich von Stroheim***, by Herman G. Weinberg. Little, Brown. $19.95 (In Canada: $22.95).

It's always a pleasure to welcome another book from that doyen of film-buffs, Herman G. Weinberg — and especially when he's dealing with one of his favourite directors: the man you love to hate. As with his splendid reconstruction of **Greed** some years ago, Mr. Weinberg has again drawn upon his own collection of stills to present us with as full as possible a visual record of yet another of Stroheim's mutilated masterpieces. Part One of the film we can still, of course, view, but Part Two is lost for ever.

The design of the book (by Barbara Bell Pitnof) and the reproduction quality of the stills are both superb, but — of course — it's Weinberg's own writing (labelled as a forward, but at 60 double-columned pages, another designation should surely be used) which always provides the real treasure. This time he's allowed himself the space to really expand his "love-letter to film". A recent tribute to the late Cyril Connolly described his work as written conversation, and this phrase applies to Weinberg with even more truth. And what conversation! Somehow a reference to Judith Anderson's marvelous La Sylph (in the Hecht/Garmes **Specter of the Rose**) finds room here as Weinberg weaves his persuasive way through anecdotes of Old Vienna and Stroheim's recreation of its vanished glory.

William Everson has spoken of Weinberg as a disciple of Stroheim and it's a good point — you won't find any "ordinary" criticism of the master here — only a profound and abiding love. Long may it flourish!

Note also Dover's recent issue of ***Stroheim: A Pictorial Record of His Nine Films***, by Weinberg ($4.95; In Canada: General, $5.75). At the price, one can hardly expect as sumptuous a reproduction of the stills, though they're still good, and many fascinating original ads and programmes are also included. Synopses, casts and credits, plus notes by Weinberg figure as well. I note some slight discrepancy regarding the cutting information on **Wedding March** between the two books — mainly on who did what and when. And I can't really agree that there is absolutely nothing of Stroheim in **Hello, Sister!** For me, that film is very definitely permeated with his style and tone.

*Glen Hunter*

***Inner Views: Ten Canadian Film-Makers***, by John Hofsess. McGraw-Hill Ryerson. $8.95.

This is a distinct disappointment. Hofsess (a former *Take One* columnist) writes well, but most of his "inner views" contribute more to a possible understanding of Hofsess than they do to an appreciation of his highly-debatable selection of ten Canadian filmmakers.

A reasoned, hopefully-impartial and complete critical survey of the work of each of these ten (excluding Pierre Berton!) is long overdue, and one had hoped Hofsess might have supplied it. He hasn't. Often, only the film the director happened to be working on when confronted by Hofsess is dealt with in any depth, and then only rarely. The comparison of the Canadian film industry at the moment with that of the black-film phenomenon in the U.S. is ludicrous, but Hofsess answers that himself later

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relentless critic's critic[illegible] the ofttimes inflated postulates which his select jury of nine have contrived throughout their careers, and focuses his own sharp and often vicious judgment on each of their methods and verdicts.

Murray's opening essay evaluates the movie-reviewing career of James Agee, especially the body of reviews he produced for *Time* and *The Nation*. Agee was primarily concerned with "realism raised to the level of high poetry" in film. Murray notes there is a difference between the documentary style of realism to which Agee addressed himself and that realism which translates into poetry. Agee, however, owing to his impressionistic style, seldom made a clear distinction. Neither did he bother to clarify his consistently ambivalent viewpoints. He had a notorious penchant for sitting astride the proverbial fence and loving equally the view from both sides.

The extreme opposite of Agee's varied, impressionistic evaluations is propounded in Robert Warshow's strictly sociological approach. This method is even more disparaged than Agee's. According to Murray, such limited theorizing narrows the scope of reality to the confines of social theory and stultifies artistic analysis: "It is difficult to conclude that any film or play that doesn't present a view of life in conformity with Warshow's is 'false to reality'... Not only is Warshow's view of reality a limited one, since his thinking remains hobbled by sociological preconceptions, but his view of film as an art form is also surprisingly naive."

Andrew Sarris and *auteur* criticism is next in Murray's docket. *Auteurism* is another specialized approach which concentrates on merely one aspect of film art. Murray maintains this style is biased, as it focuses solely on the director's sphere of control. But Sarris, Murray charges, is not even an authentic *auteurist*, as he devotes more explication to plot, character, and theme than to directorial concerns. In any event, Murray disclaims Sarris and his brand of auteurism as too singularistic and continues his survey with a scathing editorial on Parker Tyler's psycho-

[illegible] perience: what the characters stand for, what the film says for others, but mostly what it says to her. Yet Murray concludes with his customary disparaging remarks. He feels that Kael's criticism "suffers from a lack of attention to what makes film an art form... and that no consistent theory of either film or film criticism emerges."

Murray's essay of Stanley Kauffmann is one of the weaker efforts of the collection, consisting of a series of one-liners lifted from various Kauffmann books. The thematic flow is disjointed, and one has little clear idea what either Kauffmann or Murray think about anything.

In the Vernon Young essay, however, the reader is finally presented with Murray's concept of "good criticism." Young represents the ethnological approach, and apparently Murray finds valid the thesis that to [illegible] art and artists. As Murray says in reference to MacDonald's critical philosophy: "praise isn't part of the critic's function, but disapproval is."

*Joel Thingvall*

***The New Film Index:*** A Bibliography of Magazine Articles in English — 1930-1970, by Richard Dyer MacCann and Edward S. Perry, has just been issued by Dutton. It runs 506 pages, is divided into four sections: Film Theory and Criticism, Film History, Biography and Non-Fiction Films, and lists for $35 (In Canada: Clarke, Irwin, $42.00). The authors faced a herculean task in supplementing Harold Leonard's *The Film Index* of 1941 which accented only the silent period. And though the earlier volume covered films, articles and books, this limits itself to magazine articles. Books and films the authors felt, would have complicated their task, as well they might. And while *The Film Index* was selective, the new one is more exhaustive within its limits. Some twelve thousand articles are listed in a task that took five years. "We make no claim to completeness," say the authors in a preface, and in this connection they hope to hear from readers. It is a formidable work and will be useful despite omissions. To have attempted a complete index for those forty years would doubtless have kept the authors at it another five years. It's better to have even this much now and it's sure to be a boon to researchers. Film libraries and archives should certainly add it to their reference shelves.

Another index of value to film researchers is the recently issued ***A Film Student's Index to the National Board of Review Magazine*** (1926-1948), by Nancy Warfield, a really dedicated job for one person to have undertaken. Miss Warfield zeroes in on one of the magazines scattered through ***The New Film Index*** and gives us a full close-up of what it was like in the years of its florescence before it was succeeded by the current *Films in Review*. Running through the ***Index***, from the Introduction to the Notes at the end, is a commentary on the history of the Board and the magazine, when Wilton Barrett, Alfred Kuttner and Bettina Gunczy held sway and James Shelley Hamilton and Richard Griffith served as editors, while Alexander Bakshy, Harry Alan Potamkin, Seymour Stern and Evelyn Gerstein were among the notable contributors of the signed reviews and essays during that period of high ferment in the cinema. What a time it was!

So interesting was the period that this is one film index that can be read as sheer history, even if you're not doing research. A true labor of love, like Miss Warfield's other soft-cover analyses on **Les Enfants du Paradis, Stagecoach** and others, all modestly priced, all worth having, and available from Cinemabilia and the Gotham Book Mart in New York at $8.95.

*Herman G. Weinberg*

# BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

Canadian agents and prices, where differing from U.S. publishers and prices, are noted in brackets. All mass market paperbacks (under $2.00) are the same price in both countries. At the moment neither the Cagney nor Colman titles have been assigned to any Canadian agent. Many titles have no Canadian distribution.

***Amarcord.*** By Federico Fellini and Tonino Guerra. Berkley 1975. 142 pp. $1.95 (P). Novelized version of the film.

***The Amateur Filmmaker's Handbook of Sound Sync and Scoring.*** By William Collins. TABooks 1975. 210 pp. $8.95 (H), $5.95 (P). (Radio College of Canada $10.95, $7.25)

***The Birth of the Movies.*** By D.J. Wenden. Dutton 1975. 192 pp. $5.95 (P). (Clarke, Irwin $7.50). A British version of the happy event.

***Body and Soul: The Story of John Garfield.*** By Larry Swindell. Morrow 1975. 288 pp. $8.95 (H). (McLeod $10.50)

***Brando.*** By David Shipman. Doubleday 1975. 127 pp. $7.50 (H). (Macmillan $6.95)

***Brecht: As They Knew Him.*** Hubert Witt, ed. International Publishers 1975. 243 pp. $1.95 (P). (Progress $2.45). Mentions of Brecht's work in films.

***Broadway and Hollywood.*** By Robert McLaughlin. Arno Press 1974. 318 pp. $16.00 (H). Comparative study of commercial aspects.

***Cagney.*** By Michael Freedland. Stein and Day 1975. 255 pp. $8.95 (H).

***The Cinema of Dirk Bogarde.*** By Margaret Hinxman and Susan d'Arcy. Barnes 1975. 200 pp. $12.00 (H). (Smithers and Bonellie $15.00)

***Ronald Colman: A Very Private Person.*** By Juliet Benita Colman. Morrow 1975. 294 pp. $7.95 (H).

***Critical Approaches to Federico Fellini's "Eight-and-a-Half."*** By Albert Edward Benderson. Arno Press 1974. 245 pp. $12.00 (H).

***Bosley Crowther.*** By Frank Eugene Beaver. Arno Press 1974. 195 pp. $10.00 (H). Study of the retired *N.Y. Times* film critic.

***The Cultural-Political Traditions and Developments of the Soviet Cinema 1917-1972.*** By Louis Harris Cohen. Arno Press 1974. 736 pp. $35.00 (H).

***Alain Delon and "Borsalino".*** By Nancy Warfield. Cinemabilia. 1975. 26 pp. $4.95 (P).

***The Face on the Cutting Room Floor.*** By Murray Schumach. Da Capo 1975. 304 pp. $15.00 (H), $3.95 (P). (Holt, Rinehart and Winston $17.25, $4.50). Re-issue of the 1964 study of film censorship.

***Filmmaking: The Collaborative Art.*** By Donald Chase. Little, Brown 1975. 314 pp. $9.95 (H). (McClelland and Stewart $10.50). Interviews with Hollywood creators and craftspeople.

***Film Review 1974-1975.*** F.Maurice Speed, editor. Transatlantic Arts 1974. 219 pp. $12.50 (H). (Saunders $11.95). Text-and-photo survey.

***A Film Students' Index to the National Board of Review Magazine.*** Nancy Warfield, ed. Cinemabilia 1975. 93 pp. $8.95 (P). Covers 1926 to 1948.

***Final Cut.*** By Daniel Stern. Viking 1975. 279 pp. $8.95 (H). (Macmillan, price not yet set). A novel of contemporary Hollywood.

***Freedom of the Movies.*** By Ruth A. Inglis. Da Capo 1975. 251 pp. $11.00 (H). (Holt, Rinehart and Winston $12.65). Re-issue of 1947 study.

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**Dillinger.** CAN:AST. US:HCW.
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**Duel.** UNI.

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**PAR.** Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
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St., Toronto, Ont. and 729 7th Ave., NYC 10019
**UNI.** Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
**WB.** Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont. and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.

# BOOK NEWS

Samuel Fuller's own novelization of his **Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street** is now available in paperback from Pyramid. We've been unable to see the film itself (the novel will presumably get wider distribution) but can report that the book (at least) pays homage to some of the film critics who have shown appreciation for Fuller's work. It includes characters named Dr. Bogdanovich, and Mr. Garnham, and one of the villain's gang is reported to be "on holiday in Scotland visiting friends. Barbara and Murray Grigor, Inverkeithing, Firth of Forth, Fife" (The Grigors have long been associated with the Edinburgh Film Festival).

**Inalienable Rights:** Paul (**Reed: Insurgent Mexico**) Leduc has bought Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, to bring it to the screen. ... Steve Krantz has closed a deal with Stan Lee that will see Spider Man brought to the screen in a big-budget, live-action feature. ... Apropos our last issue, Donald Westlake's novel, *Help I'm Being Held Prisoner*, is to be turned into film (for Warner Bros.) by Hal Landers and Bobby Roberts. ... Production is scheduled to begin in September on Paramount's adaptation of Hemingway's *Islands in the Stream*, Franklin Schaffner directing George C. Scott. ... Twentieth Century-Fox, for its part, has announced a motion picture version of the upcoming biography, *Tom Mix Died for Your Sins*. ... Paramount has also announced an adaptation of Dashiell Hammett's mid-thirties short story, *This King Business*. ... Albert (**The Godfather, The Longest Yard**) Ruddy has announced the "acquisition" (for "over half a million dollars") of *Cry Macho*, a just-published first novel by veteran screenwriter N. Richard Nash. ... Sir Lew Grade, meanwhile, has paid Frederick Forsyth a tidy $150,000 (plus a percentage of the gross) for **No Alternative**, the author's first movie original. ... Blake (**Return of the Pink Panther**) Edwards will himself adapt the screenplay for Alfred Coppel's suspense novel, *34 East*. ... Ellen Burstyn has bought film rights to *The Silence of the North* and apparently plans to play the heroine (who survived a winter in the subarctic) herself. ...Fred (**High Noon, Day of the Jackal**) Zinnemann will produce and direct **The French Lieutenant's Woman**, based on the John Fowles novel. (The book was earlier reported to be filmed by, first, Franklin Schaffner and, later, David Wolper.) ... UA will release the motion picture version of Woody Guthrie's autobiography, *Bound for Glory*, screenplay to be written by Robert (**Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**) Getchell. ... Film rights to Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa* have been sold to Columbia, while Claude Chabrol has bought her *The Angelic Avengers*. ... Paramount has shelled out $200,000 to Judith Rossner to make a screen version of her *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. ... Elliot Kastner has announced plans to film Robertson Davies' *Fifth Business*, some five years after it was first published.

# REVIEWS

***The Complete "Wedding March" of Erich von Stroheim***, by Herman G. Weinberg. Little, Brown. $19.95 (In Canada: $22.95).

It's always a pleasure to welcome another book from that doyen of film-buffs, Herman G. Weinberg — and especially when he's dealing with one of his favourite directors: the man you love to hate. As with his splendid reconstruction of **Greed** some years ago, Mr. Weinberg has again drawn upon his own collection of stills to present us with as full as possible a visual record of yet another of Stroheim's mutilated masterpieces. Part One of the film we can still, of course, view, but Part Two is lost for ever.

The design of the book (by Barbara Bell Pitnof) and the reproduction quality of the stills are both superb, but — of course — it's Weinberg's own writing (labelled as a forward, but at 60 double-columned pages, another designation should surely be used) which always provides the real treasure. This time he's allowed himself the space to really expand his "love-letter to film". A recent tribute to the late Cyril Connolly described his work as written conversation, and this phrase applies to Weinberg with even more truth. And what conversation! Somehow a reference to Judith Anderson's marvelous La Sylph (in the Hecht/Garmes **Specter of the Rose**) finds room here as Weinberg weaves his persuasive way through anecdotes of Old Vienna and Stroheim's recreation of its vanished glory.

William Everson has spoken of Weinberg as a disciple of Stroheim and it's a good point — you won't find any "ordinary" criticism of the master here — only a profound and abiding love. Long may it flourish!

Note also Dover's recent issue of ***Stroheim: A Pictorial Record of His Nine Films***, by Weinberg ($4.95; In Canada: General, $5.75). At the price, one can hardly expect as sumptuous a reproduction of the stills, though they're still good, and many fascinating original ads and programmes are also included. Synopses, casts and credits, plus notes by Weinberg figure as well. I note some slight discrepancy regarding the cutting information on **Wedding March** between the two books — mainly on who did what and when. And I can't really agree that there is absolutely nothing of Stroheim in **Hello, Sister!** For me, that film is very definitely permeated with his style and tone.

*Glen Hunter*

***Inner Views: Ten Canadian Film-Makers***, by John Hofsess. McGraw-Hill Ryerson. $8.95.

This is a distinct disappointment. Hofsess (a former *Take One* columnist) writes well, but most of his "inner views" contribute more to a possible understanding of Hofsess than they do to an appreciation of his highly-debatable selection of ten Canadian filmmakers.

A reasoned, hopefully-impartial and complete critical survey of the work of each of these ten (excluding Pierre Berton!) is long overdue, and one had hoped Hofsess might have supplied it. He hasn't. Often, only the film the director happened to be working on when confronted by Hofsess is dealt with in any depth, and then only rarely. The comparison of the Canadian film industry at the moment with that of the black-film phenomenon in the U.S. is ludicrous, but Hofsess answers that himself later

*Glen Hunter is Take One's Book Editor.*

on in quick, facile generalizations. Unfortunately, this book is too often just that: facile.

*Glen Hunter*

***Judy Garland: A Biography***, by Anne Edwards. Simon & Schuster. $9.95 (In Canada: Musson, $11.50).

The somewhat-morbid Garland ghouls may just love this, but I find it the most nauseating and appalling piece of filth it's been my sorrow to see for many years. It's the first of four or five books devoted to Judy being published this year. One can only hope that the others won't be worse. Nothing could be.

*Glen Hunter*

***Nine American Film Critics: A Study of Theory and Practice***, by Edward Murray. Ungar. $9.50 (In Canada: Book Center, $10.95).

***Nine American Film Critics*** is in-depth analytical criticism of the most prominent modern film critics, their theories and styles. Edward Murray, relentless critic's critic, challenges the ofttimes inflated postulates which his select jury of nine have contrived throughout their careers, and focuses his own sharp and often vicious judgment on each of their methods and verdicts.

Murray's opening essay evaluates the movie-reviewing career of James Agee, especially the body of reviews he produced for *Time* and *The Nation*. Agee was primarily concerned with "realism raised to the level of high poetry" in film. Murray notes there is a difference between the documentary style of realism to which Agee addressed himself and that realism which translates into poetry. Agee, however, owing to his impressionistic style, seldom made a clear distinction. Neither did he bother to clarify his consistently ambivalent viewpoints. He had a notorious penchant for sitting astride the proverbial fence and loving equally the view from both sides.

The extreme opposite of Agee's varied, impressionistic evaluations is propounded in Robert Warshow's strictly sociological approach. This method is even more disparaged than Agee's. According to Murray, such limited theorizing narrows the scope of reality to the confines of social theory and stultifies artistic analysis: "It is difficult to conclude that any film or play that doesn't present a view of life in conformity with Warshow's is 'false to reality'... Not only is Warshow's view of reality a limited one, since his thinking remains hobbled by sociological preconceptions, but his view of film as an art form is also surprisingly naive."

Andrew Sarris and *auteur* criticism is next in Murray's docket. *Auteurism* is another specialized approach which concentrates on merely one aspect of film art. Murray maintains this style is biased, as it focuses solely on the director's sphere of control. But Sarris, Murray charges, is not even an authentic *auteurist*, as he devotes more explication to plot, character, and theme than to directorial concerns. In any event, Murray disclaims Sarris and his brand of auteurism as too singularistic and continues his survey with a scathing editorial on Parker Tyler's psychoanalytic-mythological criticism.

"Form for Tyler can only mean the unconscious psychoanalytic-mythological hidden significance of a picture as experienced by the viewer." This certainly isn't a broad enough basis of analysis for Murray's discerning tastes, and so he moves from the ludicrous hypothesizing of Tyler to assault the notoriously scathing tone of John Simon. Simon, "judicious critic" as he appoints himself, purports to "raise the standard of motion pictures." But Murray maintains that Simon's inhumane approach does little to further his aim: "Simon — more often prosecuting attorney than judge — has a penchant for attacking the man instead of analyzing the work." Murray has nothing good to say about Simon or his lofty theories, and ironically concludes his condemnation of Simon's "vitriolic personal abuse" of directors and other critics with an attack equally as vicious as any of Simon's.

Pauline Kael, current reviewer of the *New Yorker*, gets very qualified approval from Murray. He concedes that she is a fine stylist, defends her pluralistic approach, and celebrates her focus on the "what" in film experience: what the characters stand for, what the film says for others, but mostly what it says to her. Yet Murray concludes with his customary disparaging remarks. He feels that Kael's criticism "suffers from a lack of attention to what makes film an art form... and that no consistent theory of either film or film criticism emerges."

Murray's essay of Stanley Kauffmann is one of the weaker efforts of the collection, consisting of a series of one-liners lifted from various Kauffmann books. The thematic flow is disjointed, and one has little clear idea what either Kauffmann or Murray think about anything.

In the Vernon Young essay, however, the reader is finally presented with Murray's concept of "good criticism." Young represents the ethnological approach, and apparently Murray finds valid the thesis that to understand a film one must understand the culture and country that produced it. This is a simplistic approach, but Young evidently integrates it with close analysis and insightful interpretation and evaluation.

For example, Murray praises Young's discussion of Fellini and his concern for Italian culture: the community-centered ethos as portrayed in classics like **I Vitelloni, La Dolce Vita** and **La Strada**. "Ethnology" is a very convenient and workable theory, and Murray finally praises the critic: "his [Young's] ability to see, together with his passion for searching out the aesthetic and cultural and moral significance of what he sees, makes him one of the very best American film critics."

Analysis of Dwight MacDonald's style is actually a closing summary of Murray's own thoughts concerning the function of the critic and criticism. Murray believes that MacDonald serves the artform with a consistent aesthetic concern, abhoring the trash (or Kitsch) which mass culture has spawned.

Murray's collection forms an insightful yet scathing critique of filmic art and artists. As Murray says in reference to MacDonald's critical philosophy: "praise isn't part of the critic's function, but disapproval is."

*Joel Thingvall*

***The New Film Index:*** A Bibliography of Magazine Articles in English — 1930-1970, by Richard Dyer MacCann and Edward S. Perry, has just been issued by Dutton. It runs 506 pages, is divided into four sections: Film Theory and Criticism, Film History, Biography and Non-Fiction Films, and lists for $35 (In Canada: Clarke, Irwin, $42.00). The authors faced a herculean task in supplementing Harold Leonard's *The Film Index* of 1941 which accented only the silent period. And though the earlier volume covered films, articles and books, this limits itself to magazine articles. Books and films the authors felt, would have complicated their task, as well they might. And while *The Film Index* was selective, the new one is more exhaustive within its limits. Some twelve thousand articles are listed in a task that took five years. "We make no claim to completeness," say the authors in a preface, and in this connection they hope to hear from readers. It is a formidable work and will be useful despite omissions. To have attempted a complete index for those forty years would doubtless have kept the authors at it another five years. It's better to have even this much now and it's sure to be a boon to researchers. Film libraries and archives should certainly add it to their reference shelves.

Another index of value to film researchers is the recently issued ***A Film Student's Index to the National Board of Review Magazine*** (1926-1948), by Nancy Warfield, a really dedicated job for one person to have undertaken. Miss Warfield zeroes in on one of the magazines scattered through ***The New Film Index*** and gives us a full close-up of what it was like in the years of its florescence before it was succeeded by the current *Films in Review*. Running through the ***Index***, from the Introduction to the Notes at the end, is a commentary on the history of the Board and the magazine, when Wilton Barrett, Alfred Kuttner and Bettina Gunczy held sway and James Shelley Hamilton and Richard Griffith served as editors, while Alexander Bakshy, Harry Alan Potamkin, Seymour Stern and Evelyn Gerstein were among the notable contributors of the signed reviews and essays during that period of high ferment in the cinema. What a time it was!

So interesting was the period that this is one film index that can be read as sheer history, even if you're not doing research. A true labor of love, like Miss Warfield's other softcover analyses on **Les Enfants du Paradis, Stagecoach** and others, all modestly priced, all worth having, and available from Cinemabilia and the Gotham Book Mart in New York at $8.95.

*Herman G. Weinberg*

# BOOKS ON FILM: A CHECKLIST

Canadian agents and prices, where differing from U.S. publishers and prices, are noted in brackets. All mass market paperbacks (under $2.00) are the same price in both countries. At the moment neither the Cagney nor Colman titles have been assigned to any Canadian agent. Many titles have no Canadian distribution.

***Amarcord***. By Federico Fellini and Tonino Guerra. Berkley 1975. 142 pp. $1.95 (P). Novelized version of the film.

***The Amateur Filmmaker's Handbook of Sound Sync and Scoring***. By William Collins. TABooks 1975. 210 pp. $8.95 (H), $5.95 (P). (Radio College of Canada $10.95, $7.25)

***The Birth of the Movies***. By D.J. Wenden. Dutton 1975. 192 pp. $5.95 (P). (Clarke, Irwin $7.50). A British version of the happy event.

***Body and Soul: The Story of John Garfield***. By Larry Swindell. Morrow 1975. 288 pp. $8.95 (H). (McLeod $10.50)

***Brando***. By David Shipman. Doubleday 1975. 127 pp. $7.50 (H). (Macmillan $6.95)

***Brecht: As They Knew Him***. Hubert Witt, ed. International Publishers 1975. 243 pp. $1.95 (P). (Progress $2.45). Mentions of Brecht's work in films.

***Broadway and Hollywood***. By Robert McLaughlin. Arno Press 1974. 318 pp. $16.00 (H). Comparative study of commercial aspects.

***Cagney***. By Michael Freedland. Stein and Day 1975. 255 pp. $8.95 (H).

***The Cinema of Dirk Bogarde***. By Margaret Hinxman and Susan d'Arcy. Barnes 1975. 200 pp. $12.00 (H). (Smithers and Bonellie $15.00)

***Ronald Colman: A Very Private Person***. By Juliet Benita Colman. Morrow 1975. 294 pp. $7.95 (H).

***Critical Approaches to Federico Fellini's "Eight-and-a-Half."*** By Albert Edward Benderson. Arno Press 1974. 245 pp. $12.00 (H).

***Bosley Crowther***. By Frank Eugene Beaver. Arno Press 1974. 195 pp. $10.00 (H). Study of the retired *N.Y. Times* film critic.

***The Cultural-Political Traditions and Developments of the Soviet Cinema 1917-1972***. By Louis Harris Cohen. Arno Press 1974. 736 pp. $35.00 (H).

***Alain Delon and "Borsalino"***. By Nancy Warfield. Cinemabilia. 1975. 26 pp. $4.95 (P).

***The Face on the Cutting Room Floor***. By Murray Schumach. Da Capo 1975. 304 pp. $15.00 (H), $3.95 (P). (Holt, Rinehart and Winston $17.25, $4.50). Re-issue of the 1964 study of film censorship.

***Filmmaking: The Collaborative Art***. By Donald Chase. Little, Brown 1975. 314 pp. $9.95 (H). (McClelland and Stewart $10.50). Interviews with Hollywood creators and craftspeople.

***Film Review 1974-1975***. F.Maurice Speed, editor. Transatlantic Arts 1974. 219 pp. $12.50 (H). (Saunders $11.95). Text-and-photo survey.

***A Film Students' Index to the National Board of Review Magazine***. Nancy Warfield, ed. Cinemabilia 1975. 93 pp. $8.95 (P). Covers 1926 to 1948.

***Final Cut***. By Daniel Stern. Viking 1975. 279 pp. $8.95 (H). (Macmillan, price not yet set). A novel of contemporary Hollywood.

***Freedom of the Movies***. By Ruth A. Inglis. Da Capo 1975. 251 pp. $11.00 (H). (Holt, Rinehart and Winston $12.65). Re-issue of 1947 study.

***Judy Garland.*** By Anne Edwards. Simon and Schuster 1975. 349 pp. $9.95 (H). (General $11.50)

***Great Lovers of the Movies.*** By Jane Mercer. Crescent 1975. 176 pp. $5.98 (H). (Bonanza $7.95)

***The Great Spy Pictures.*** By James Robert Parish and Michael R. Pitts. Scarecrow 1974. 585 pp. $17.50 (H).

***The Great Waldo Pepper.*** By William Goldman. Dell 1975. 224 pp. $1.50 (P). Scenario of George Roy Hill's film.

***Here Comes Harry Reems!*** By Harry Reems. Pinnacle 1975. 209 pp. $1.95 (P). Memoirs and professional advice by the stud star.

***History of the Academy Awards Winners.*** By Nathalie Fredrik and Auriel Douglas. Ace 1975. 218 pp. $1.50 (P). The 1974 edition.

***Inner Views.*** By John Hofsess. McGraw-Hill Ryerson 1975. 171 pp. $8.95 (H). Study of ten Canadian filmmakers.

***The Intimate Diary of Linda Lovelace.*** By Linda Lovelace and Carl Wallin. Pinnacle 1974. 140 pp. $1.75 (P). Memoirs of the **Deep Throat** star.

***Kate.*** By Charles Higham. Norton 1975. 243 pp. $7.95 (H). (McLeod $8.95). The life and career of Katharine Hepburn.

***Kung Fu: Cinema of Vengeance.*** By Verina Glaessner. Crown 1975. 134 pp. $2.95 (P). (Bonanza $5.35)

***Bruce Lee: The Man Only I Knew.*** By Linda Lee. Warner 1975. 208 pp. $1.50 (P). Biography of the kung fu star.

***The Legion of Decency.*** By Paul W. Facey. Arno Press 1974. 216 pp. $11.00 (H). Sociological analysis of the emergence and development of a pressure group.

***Living Images.*** By Stanley Kauffmann. Harper and Row 1975. 404 pp. $11.95 (H), $4.95 (P). (Fitzhenry and Whiteside $13.75, $6.85). Film comments and criticism.

***Lobbying for Freedom.*** By Kenneth P. Norwick. St. Martin's 1975. 157 pp. $8.95 (H), $3.95 (P). A citizen's guide for fighting censorship.

***Lorenz on Film.*** By Pare Lorenz. Hopkinson and Blake 1975. 228 pp. $8.95 (H), $5.50 (P). Collection of writings 1927-1941.

***Looking Away: Hollywood and Vietnam.*** By Julian Smith. Scribner's 1975. 235 pp. $8.95 (H). (Wiley $10.25). How movies mold public opinion.

***The Media Reader.*** Joan Valdes and Jeanne Crew, eds. Pflaum 1975. 390 pp. $11.95 (H), $7.95 (P). (Maclean-Hunter Learning Materials $13.55, $9.00). How the media work and their message.

***The Men Who Made the Movies.*** By Richard Shickel. Atheneum 1975. 308 pp. $12.95 (H). (McClelland and Stewart $14.95). Interviews with 8 top U.S. directors.

***Marilyn Monroe.*** By John Kobal. Crown 1974. 176 pp. $5.98 (H). (Hamlyn $7.95)

***Movie Fantastic: Beyond the Dream Machine.*** By David Annan. Crown 1975. 182 pp. $2.95 (P). (Bonanza $5.35). A survey of fantasy in film.

***The New Film Index.*** By Richard Dyer MacCann and Edward S. Perry. Dutton 1975. 540 pp. $35.00 (H). (Clarke, Irwin $42.00). Bibliography of magazine articles in English, 1930-1970.

***The New Hollywood.*** By Axel Madsen. Crowell 1975. 183 pp. $7.95 (H). (Fitzhenry and Whiteside $9.15). American movies in the 70s.

***Jack Nicholson.*** By Robert David Crane and Christopher Fryer. Evans 1975. 192 pp. $9.95 (H), $5.95 (P). (McClelland and Stewart $10.50, $6.75).

***Notes on "Les Enfants du Paradis".*** By Nancy Warfield. Cinemabilia 1975. 33 pp. $4.50 (P).

***Perspective.*** By Charles Rembar. Arbor House 1975. 264 pp. $8.95 (H). (Musson $10.00). Reminiscences of the noted civil liberties lawyer, incl. cases involving film censorship.

***Photoplay Edition.*** By Emil Petaja. Sisu Publ. (Box 14126, San Francisco, CA 94114) 1975. 211 pp. $5.95 (P). Bibliography of novelized versions of films, mainly during the silent era.

***A Pictorial History of Sex in Films.*** By Parker Tyler. Citadel 1975. 256 pp. $12.00 (H). (McLeod $13.75)

***Pudovkin's Films and Film Theory.*** By Peter Dart. Arno Press 1974. 243 pp. $12.00 (H).

***Basil Rathbone: His Life and His Films.*** By Michael B. Druxman. Barnes 1975. 359 pp. $10.00 (H). (Smithers and Bonellie $12.50)

***Retrospective Index to Film Periodicals 1930-1971.*** Linda Batty, ed. Bowker 1975. 425 pp. $24.50 (H).

***The Short Film.*** By George Rehrauer. Macmillan 1975. 199 pp. $12.50 (H). A critical, annotated guide to 500 selected shorts.

***The Silent Partner.*** By Timothy James Lyons. Arno Press 1974. 256 pp. $14.00 (H). History of the American Film Manufacturing Co., 1910-1921.

***Stroheim: A Pictorial Record of His Nine Films.*** By Herman G. Weinberg. Dover 1975. 276 pp. $4.95 (P). (General $5.75). Stroheim's movies 1919 to 1933.

***The Structure of John Ford's "Stagecoach".*** By Nancy Warfield. Cinemabilia 1975. 30 pp. $4.95 (P).

***"Ten-and-a-Half!"*** By Marc Stevens. Zebra 1975. 288 pp. $1.75 (P). Memoirs of the pornofilm stud.

***Ten Years in Paradise.*** Paul A. Scaramazza, ed. Cinemabilia 1975. 289 pp. $5.95 (P). Capsule reviews from *Photoplay Magazine*, 1921-1930.

***TV Violence and the Child.*** By Douglass Cater and Stephen Strickland. Russell Sage Foundation 1975. 167 pp. $5.95 (H). (General $6.55). A study of the Surgeon General's report.

***Voices from the Japanese Cinema.*** By Joan Mellen. Liveright 1975. 295 pp. $12.50 (H), $3.95 (P). (McLeod $14.95, $5.75)

***You Can Get There From Here.*** By Shirley MacLaine. Norton 1975. 249 pp. $7.95 (H). (McLeod $8.95). Second installment of the actress' autobiography.

***Warner Brothers.*** By Charles Higham. Scribner's 1975. 232 pp. $9.95 (H). (Wiley $11.25). History of the studio, its films and personalities.

***Nathaniel West: A Comprehensive Bibliography.*** By William White. Kent State University Press 1975. 209 pp. $8.00 (H). Includes movies he wrote.

***Women Who Make Movies.*** By Sharon Smith. Hopkinson and Blake 1975. 307 pp. $9.95 (H), $5.95 (P).

*George L. George and Glen Hunter*

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*George L. George, for many years a film director with an Academy Award for one of his documentaries, is book reviewer for several filmmagazines. Glen Hunter is Take One's Book Editor.*


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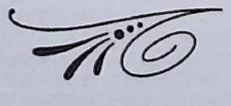
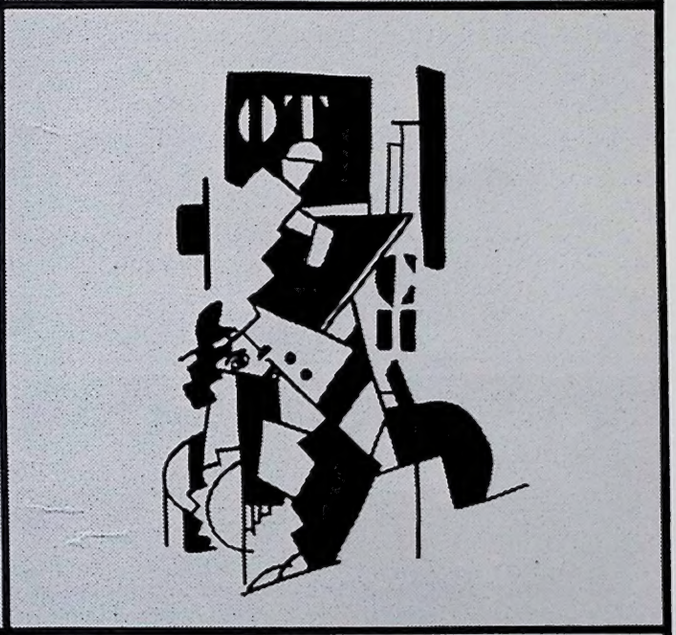
# NEXT ISSUE

With any luck at all, the dog days of August will be upon the land by the time the next *Take One* reaches you — hardly an ideal time for lengthy dissertations on semiotics, epistomology, or the world's ten best mental-health films.

Thus, in the true spirit of California dreamin', we present **So You Wanna Be a Star!**, complete with information on where to live in Hollywood, how to get a good answering service, and a handy-dandy test to see if you're really aggressive enough to make it in tinsel-town. There are names, addresses, phone numbers and even a map.

Next issue, more than ever, we can put you in the movies!





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A study in the history of film as modern art.

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### OTHER POP CULTURE HERO MOVIES

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